AMERICAN BIOGRAPHICAL SERIES

FAMOUS PRESIDENTS

WASHINGTON
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MADISON
LINCOLN
GRANT

BY
HELEN M. CAMPBELL

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CONTENTS.

WASHINGTON

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Nearly three hundred years ago, in the year 1607, a ship sailed from England laden with people who were to form a settlement upon the lands of the London Land Company. This ship was to anchor in Roanoke Sound, but was driven by a terrible storm northward into Chesapeake Bay. Sailing along the southern shores of this magnificent body of water, they at length reached the mouth of a broad, beautiful river which in honor of their king they named the James. After sailing about fifty miles up this river, they came to a peninsula, whose green meadows and forest lay fair and peaceful in the spring sunshine.

Weary with their long sea voyage, the emigrants gladly landed, and here, upon the banks of the James River, was established the first English settlement in North America.

From England to this settlement, fifty years later, came John Washington, and purchased a large tract of land about seventy-five miles north of Jamestown, on the Potomac River, in the County of Westmoreland. This land remained in the Washington family, and on February 22nd, 1732, in the old house built by John Washington, his great-grandson, George Washington, was born. He

was the eldest child of Augustine and Mary Washington, though he had two half-brothers older than himself. These half-brothers were named Lawrence and Augustine and little George was very much attached to them. He also had three brothers and two sisters younger than himself.

Not long after George was born, the old house was burned down, and never rebuilt. It was in a quiet, lonely neighborhood, and nothing remains to mark the spot where once it stood, except a stone slab lying upon a bed of bricks, remnants of the chimneys of the old house. The slab is broken and overgrown with weeds and brambles, but upon its rough surface can still be traced these words:

HERE
The 11th of February 1732 (old style)
GEORGE WASHINGTON
WAS BORN.

By the new style, which added eleven days to the old reckoning, the birthday became February 22nd, the day we now observe. When the old house burned, Augustine Washington removed his family to a place which he owned upon the Rappahannock River, opposite Fredericksburg. That house has been destroyed, but a picture of it remains and shows an old-fashioned Virginia farm-house, divided by a hall into four rooms, with great chimneys built outside the house at each end.

Perhaps you would like to know something about the way people lived and what they did when George Washington was a boy. When the people of that day spoke of Virginia, they meant that part of the State lying between Chesapeake Bay and the Blue Ridge Mountains. They did not know how far west or north the State extended.

A few Irish and German families from Pennsylvania had settled along the rivers in the Shenandoah valley, but to the people living in the eastern part of the state, they seemed as far away as people of Colorado or Arizona would to-day.

Beautiful rivers came from the Blue Ridge Mountains and found their way through fertile valleys to the sea. Chesapeake Bay, with the great rivers emptying into it, afforded many good harbors. Grand old forests extended on every side, and fish of all kinds swam in the waters. But with all her magnificent waterways, her valuable timber, her extensive fishing-grounds, Virginia had no ship-building, no fisheries, no lumber-camps, no thriving industries and busy manufactories, no great cities, and but few villages. Each county had its county-seat where were built the court house, the jail, a hotel or inn, as it was then called, built for the entertainment of the people when court was in session; and sometimes a church and country store.

If you look on a map of Virginia today, you will see in

many places the letters C. H. following a word, as Spottsylvania C. H., Fairfax C. H., meaning that in that place stands the Court House of that County, and this is the only name given to the little village. Yet at that time Virginia had the greatest number of inhabitants and was the wealthiest British Colony in America.

Now what were the people doing and how did they make their wealth? They were living upon large farms, or plantations, and raising tobacco; for there was a greater demand for tobacco in England, and it brought more money than anything else the farmer could raise.

Therefore every man raised all the tobacco he possibly could. Land was cheap, soil fertile, climate warm, and the tobacco plant itself a native of American soil. Thus it was the natural product of the State.

So the farmers cleared large tracts of land, built zig-zag rail fences around them, and set out great fields of tobacco plants.

Now, it requires a great deal of labor to cultivate tobacco successfully. The ground must be kept mellow and free from weeds, the imperfect leaves removed, and the tobacco worms destroyed. There were no wheel cultivators and shovel plows such as we use now. A hoe in the hands of a man or boy was the only way of destroying weeds and loosening the soil, and with such implements it required a great many hands to cultivate a large planta-

tion. This need of workers caused the introduction of Slavery into the British Colonies.

Augustine Washington had large plantations and many negro slaves to work them. So George was not obliged to split wood, drive cows to pasture, feed pigs and chickens, and hoe in the garden, as most farmers' sons must do. Still he was not an idle boy, for there are always a great many things for boys to do.

It was a very pleasant place where he lived. There were beautiful trees and gardens around the house, and wide verandas upon each side of it. Not far from the house were the cabins for the negroes and the great tobacco sheds, where the tobacco was hung from poles to dry in the warm air and sunshine. Farther back were barns, granaries, and storehouses, for there were many people to be fed and nearly everything was raised on the farm. The only place where they could buy food, clothing, shoes or medicine, was in England, and it took a long time for sailing vessels to make the voyage there and back.

Then there were the smoke-houses where bacon and dried beef were kept, and the spring-house, built over a running brook, where the milk, butter and eggs were kept in buckets standing in the clear, cold water.

The kitchen was a small building separate from the house, and here the Aunt Chloes and Dinahs cooked all

the food and carried it to the dining room in the great house.

There was plenty of game in the forests; deer, bears, wild turkeys, and sometimes a wild-cat. The rivers were full of fish, there were fine oysters in the Bay, and canvas-back ducks in their season. The great stables were filled with fine horses, for there were few wagon-roads, and most of the travelling was on horseback or by boat.

There were plenty of interesting things to keep a boy busy; and George Washington learned when still young to shoot well, to be a good boatman, and a fearless rider. While quite small, he learned to read, write, and cipher at a small school kept by the church sexton.

One of his school-mates, and his favorite play-mate, was Richard Henry Lee, afterwards a famous Virginian. The two boys were friends after they grew up and often wrote letters to each other upon business matters or affairs of State.

Here are their first letters, written when they were nine years old.

"Richard Henry Lee to George Washington:

"Pa brought me two pretty books full of pictures he got them in Alexandra they have pictures of dogs cats tigers and elefants and ever so many pretty things cousin bids me send you one of them it has a picture of an elefant and a little Indian boy on his back like uncle jo's sam pa

says if I learn my tasks well he will let uncle jo bring me to see you will you ask your ma to let you come to see me.

RICHARD HENRY LEE."

"GEORGE WASHINGTON TO RICHARD HENRY LEE:

Dear Dicky:

I thank you very much for the picture book you gave me. Sam asked me to show him the pictures and I showed him all the pictures in it; and I read to him how the tame elephant took care of the master's little boy, and put him on his back and would not let any one hurt his master's little son. I can read three or four pages sometimes without missing a word. Ma says I may go to see you and stay all day with you next week if it be not rainy. She says I may ride my pony Hero, if Uncle Ben will go with me and lead Hero. I have a little piece of poetry about the picture book you gave me, but I mus'nt tell you who wrote the poetry.

G. W.'s compliments to R. H. L.,
And likes his book full well,
Henceforth will count him his friend,
And hopes many happy days he may spend.

Your good friend,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"I am going to get a whip top soon, and you may see it and whip it." *

Little Dicky's letter isn't as well written as the answer,

* Lossing's "Home of Washington."

but perhaps George's mother told him how to spell the hard words, and about the capitals.

When George Washington was eleven years old, his father died and he was left to the care of his mother and half brothers. Mary Washington was a woman of strong character. After her husband died, she managed her family and great estates as well as he could have done. She rode over her farms in an old-fashioned chaise, visiting every part and seeing that no work was neglected.

From her George Washington inherited the governing spirit, which later in life enabled him to control armies and to wisely direct the nation. She taught him to be very orderly, and above everything else to be truthful.

Here is a story told of him when a boy which shows how truthful he was and how much his mother valued truthfulness.

Upon the estate were many fine horses of which his mother was very proud. There were several young horses and one, a beautiful sorrel, was very high spirited. No one could ride or control it. George was determined to ride this colt, and told the other boys, if they would help him catch it, he would tame it.

Very early one morning they went out to the pasture, and driving the colt into a fence corner, managed to get the bit into its mouth. Washington sprang upon its back, told the boys to let go the bridle, and away went colt and

rider. Round and round the field it ran, Washington determined to quiet and control it, and the colt equally determined not to obey. It backed, reared, and plunged, frightening the boys who began to wish they had not helped in the matter. Washington fearlessly kept his seat and his mastery of the colt. Again and again it reared and plunged, but still the strong hand on the bridal rein turned it round against its will. At last, as if determined to end the struggle at once, the colt sprang high into the air. That was its last bound. A blood-vessel was broken, and the beautiful, spirited animal fell to the ground, dead.

Just then the breakfast bell rang and the boys went slowly toward the house, dreading to meet the mother.

"Well, young gentlemen," said she, as they sat down to the breakfast table, "Have you seen my colts this morning in your walk? I hope they are well cared for. They tell me my favorite sorrel is as large as his sire."

The boys looked at one another, but no one answered. Surprised at their silence their mother repeated her question. Then George spoke. "The sorrel is dead, Madam," he said. "I killed him." And then he told her the whole story.

For a moment her face flushed with anger at her son's disobedience, and with sorrow at the loss of her colt; and she could not speak. But at last, with strong self-control, she overcame the anger she felt and answered calmly,

"It is well; for while I greatly regret the loss of my favorite colt, I rejoice in my son who always speaks the truth."

When a boy becomes a great man and well known, then every one likes to hear of the days before he was famous, and trace some likeness between the character of the boy and that of the great man. Thus the play-mates of Washington, grown old and gray, loved to tell of the days when he and they were boys together and the wonderful things he could do. There is a spot shown, beside the Rappahannock River, where he once stood and threw a stone to the opposite bank; and visitors to the Natural Bridge in Virginia are always told how George Washington threw a stone the whole height of the bridge, over two hundred feet.

He was a tall, powerful young fellow, with very large strong hands, and took the lead in the favorite games of his day, pitching heavy bars, tossing quoits, running, leaping, wrestling, riding, swimming and hunting. A strong, free life, most of the time in the open air, was, no doubt, the best training for the place he was soon called to fill.

When Augustine Washington died, he left to each child an estate. To Lawrence Washington was given the old homestead at Hunting Creek, and to young Augustine an estate at Bridges Creek. A good school was kept at Bridges Creek, and when George was twelve years old he

was sent to live with his brother Augustine to attend this school.

Here he remained until he was sixteen, often making visits to his mother at Fredericksburg, and to his brother Lawrence at Hunting Creek.

A few miles from Hunting Creek was the estate of Belvoir, owned by William Fairfax, whose pretty daughter, Annie, became the wife of Lawrence Washington and went to live at the old homestead of Hunting Creek which, soon after their marriage, they re-named Mount Vernon. Annie Washington had a brother, George William Fairfax, about six years older than George Washington, and the two Georges soon became great friends and comrades in all the sports of that time.

The books that George Washington studied at school have been carefully kept, and it is very interesting to look over the pages of his writing books, the books in which he copied long law papers, deeds, leases, wills, and all those legal papers which we now employ lawyers to draw up for us. In those days there were few lawyers, and every gentleman was expected to know how to draw up correctly all legal documents relating to his estates.

He also learned to make out bills, and to keep accounts accurately, and in one of his blank books he copied one hundred and ten "Rules of Civility and Decent Behavior in Company and Conversation."

Would you like to read some of them?

"Strive not with your Superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.

"Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

"Think before you speak: pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

"Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

"Make no show of taking delight in your victuals; feed not with greediness; cut your bread with a knife; lean not on the table, neither find fault with what you eat.

"Let your recreations be manful not sinful."

These are very wise rules, but it would be rather difficult for most boys of sixteen to remember one hundred and ten of them. Perhaps George Washington did not always remember them, but they show us what kind of a boy he wished and tried to be; for the best of rules could not make a noble, upright man without a resolute manly spirit to carry them out.

Although so large and strong, Washington was always gentle, fair-minded, and generous with other boys; and the boy who tried so hard to control the sorrel colt, also tried to control something more unmanageable still, his own quick temper.

There was a great deal of talk about war and fighting

with the Indians, and the boys at school played soldier with Washington for commander, and he delighted in drilling his little army of school-mates.

When he was about fifteen he was very anxious to leave school and enter the service of King George as midshipman in the English Navy. His brother Lawrence obtained a midshipman's warrant for him, and he was about to go on board a man-of-war, when his mother refused to consent to it, and he gave up the plan and returned to school for another year.

At that time there was a great deal of land in Virginia which had never been surveyed. Few planters knew just how far their estates extended or where the boundaries lay. Washington resolved to study surveying, for it would be five or six years before he would be of age and could come into possession of his estate, and surveying would be work out of doors, which he loved; best also he could earn money for himself. So he studied Geometry and Trigonometry, surveyed all the fields around the school-house and his brothers' lands, drawing maps and setting boundaries with great care.

He still made frequent visits to his brother at Mount Vernon and to his friend, George Fairfax, at Belvoir. He had another friend at Belvoir, a strange friend, perhaps, for a boy of sixteen — this was Lord Fairfax, a cousin of William Fairfax, and a man sixty years old. He had once

been a gay young man, a favorite in the fashionable society of London; but much of his property was lost, the young lady he was to marry chose a wealthier husband, and unhappy memories at last drove him from England to America, where he had inherited a great estate, comprising nearly one-fifth of the present State of Virginia.

He cared little now for gay society, but liked best the wild, out-door life of a hunter, and it was not strange that he and the shy, bashful boy of sixteen should become great friends. Together they hunted through the great mountain forests, and sitting beside their camp fire in the dark still nights, the quiet boy and his gray-haired old friend had many long talks together. Perhaps the old man told his boy-friend of his lonely life, his many disappointed hopes, and in turn listened to Washington's boyish ambitions, his longing for a broader life than that of a Virginia planter.

Learning of his young friend's wish to be a surveyor, and having miles of unexplored land west of the Blue Ridge Mountains, Lord Fairfax commissioned Washington to survey them for him, and in March of 1748, the lad, then just a month past sixteen, started with George Fairfax to survey the land beyond the Blue Ridge.

Through Ashby's gap into the Shenandoah valley they rode, building great fires wherever night found them, and after cooking their suppers, wrapped their blankets around

them and slept with only the stars above them. Sometimes wild storms came up, put out their fires, and left them cold, wet, and hungry. They swam their horses across swift streams, swollen to torrents by the spring rains. They shot deer and wild turkeys, roasting them beside their camp-fire and, sitting on a fallen log, ate with their hunting knives, using chips for plates.

Once they camped with a band of Indians and saw them have a grand war-dance, and sometimes they shared the rude cabin of the German settlers; but more often they made their own camp in the lonely forest. It was a strange experience for the young Virginian, accustomed to a comfortable home and the life of a gentleman; but he was earning his own living and gaining health and strength and much useful knowledge beside. He was paid in proportion to the amount of his work, and some days he earned as many as twenty dollars.

This commission from Lord Fairfax was the beginning of Washington's public life. His work was so well done that the Governor of Virginia appointed him public surveyor; that is, a surveyor whose work is recorded in the Clerk's office of the County, and also makes legal boundaries for all land bought and sold. Such surveyors must be very accurate, for should the surveyor make mistakes, people who bought the lands would always be having quarrels and law suits over the boundary lines. But years

and years after Washington worked at surveying, a lawyer who had to look up a great many land titles said that the only surveys he could depend on were those made by the young Virginian, George Washington.

For three years he worked at this business, except during the winter months, spending most of the time among the Indians and backwoodsmen of Western Virginia. People who saw him at this time said he looked very much like an Indian himself, so tall and straight, so grave and silent, and wearing the buck-skin suit of the backwoods settler. His out door life, his daily labor among such wild, rough companions, made him strong and self-reliant far beyond his years. Few would have believed the tall, strong, silent surveyor, his face bronzed like an Indian's by the southern suns, to be a young man of only nineteen, but by such severe training he was being prepared for the work of coming years.

Whether surveying among the backwoodsmen or visiting at his brother's beautiful home, Mount Vernon, Washington was sure to hear a great deal of talk about the country farther west, especially the Ohio valley. The English had their colonies along the Atlantic Coast, the French had theirs along the St. Lawrence River, the Great Lakes, and through the Mississippi valley. The French built forts and trading posts, the English cleared away the forests and made farms. For a long time the

mountains separated them, but year after year the English crossed the mountains and settled in the fertile valleys beyond.

The Indians, roaming over the whole country, found themselves between the two nations, and soon their hunting ground would be gone. The different tribes were always at war with one another, and therefore were glad of the white man's rifle to help them. So some of the Indians sided with the French and some with the English, while others were friendly now to the one nation and now to the other.

The French began building forts in the Ohio valley, and the English formed the Ohio Land Company and started settlements in the same valley. Lawrence and Augustine Washington were members of the Ohio Land Company and invested money in the new settlements. Soon there were rumors of war between the two nations and the English Colonies prepared to defend their settlers on the frontier.

At that time Virginia extended from Chesapeake Bay to Lake Erie and as far west as they chose to claim, for no western boundary existed. When Virginia prepared for war George Washington, then but nineteen years old, was made Adjutant General of the district which included Mount Vernon; and he immediately began studying military tactics, learning how to drill men and how to handle

bodies of soldiers in battle. He also took lessons from an old Dutch soldier in sword exercises.

But in the midst of these preparations, Lawrence Washington was taken ill, and his physicians ordered him to the West Indies to spend the winter, hoping the warm climate might restore him to health. George Washington now laid aside all other interests to accompany his invalid brother, and in September, 1751, they sailed for the West Indies.

Washington greatly enjoyed his visit, although while there he had smallpox, the scars of which he carried during the remainder of his life. He thought the people of the West Indies very shiftless and extravagant; he said they would not work and were always in debt.

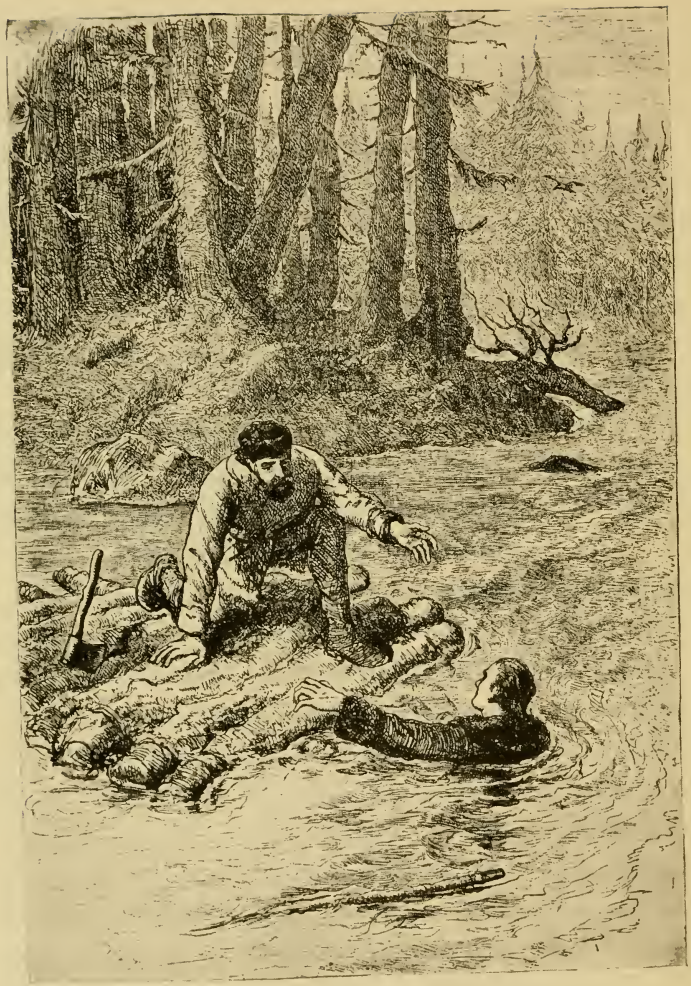
Washington was a very prudent, economical young man. He had little money except what he earned, and it was one of his rules never to spend money until he had earned it; and he held to this rule all his life. Because he was so careful and correct in money matters many people called him mean and close; but he cared nothing about that. He preferred to be economical and scrupulously honest.

The climate of the West Indies did not improve the health of Lawrence Washington, and as he grew weaker he wished to see his wife and daughter again. So he sent his brother George back to Virginia to bring them to him, but before they had time to start he grew so much worse that

he started for home himself, and arrived in July, 1752, at Mount Vernon, where he died very soon after, having lived just long enough to see once more the wife and daughter he loved so well. Lawrence Washington appointed George one of the executors of his will and made him heir to his estates, should his daughter die before she came of age.

The management of his brother's estates was left to George Washington by the other executors, and from that time Mount Vernon became his home.

Now came stormy days for the young man. The trouble between France and England increased. The French marched into the Ohio valley and commenced building forts. The Governor of Virginia decided to send a commissioner to inquire why they were building forts on English territory and what they intended to do. It would be no easy task for the commissioner. He must know the country well and be able to deal with the Indians. It would be a hard, rough journey, and the man who undertook it must be strong, brave and wise. For this position George Washington was chosen. He was a thorough backwoodsman, and could follow a trail through the dense forests as well as the Indians. They all knew and respected him, for he was a level-headed, quick-witted young fellow whom every one trusted. Thus it happened that in October, 1752, Major George Washington, twenty-one



WASHINGTON FALLS INTO THE ALLEGHANY RIVER

years old, started on his perilous journey of over one thousand miles.

His company consisted of an interpreter and five hardy frontiersmen. Slowly they journeyed on, now over the lofty mountain ranges through storms of snow and rain, now through muddy swamps and dense forests, swimming their horses across the swollen streams. Often cold, wet and hungry, but never discouraged, they kept bravely on through mud and snow drifts and swollen rivers, until they reached Fort-le-Bouf. Here the French commander received them politely, read the Governor's letter, drew up a very formal reply, and Major Washington and his men started toward home.

Now came a terrible journey. The horses were weak and nearly worn out, the weather grew colder and colder and the roads harder to travel. At last Washington decided to take one man with him — leaving the others to follow along with the horses — and take a shorter road which could be travelled only on foot. On the day after Christmas, dressed as an Indian and with his letters and papers strapped in a pack on his back, his gun in his hand, he started for the Ohio River.

They expected to find the river frozen over but when they reached it, it was filled with floating masses of ice, whirled swiftly along by the swollen current. With one small hatchet they worked all day constructing a raft, and

just at sunset started to cross the river, but were soon jammed in the floating blocks of ice and could neither go backward nor forward. Once Washington was jerked from the raft into the icy river, but managed to climb back, wet and chilled, to its frail support. At last the raft drifted against a small island, and here they remained through the night which grew very cold, and Washington's companion had his fingers and some of his toes frozen.

In the morning they found the river frozen solid and crossed easily on the ice. After many days of weary travel, they reached Williamsburg and reported to the Governor there. Thus Washington proved to his friends how fearless he was in the midst of danger, how undaunted by the greatest difficulties.

The Governor now sent men to build a fort at the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, and several weeks later an English colonel with one hundred and fifty soldiers followed them. Washington accompanied him as second in command, but before reaching the place they met the men returning, having been driven from the spot by a large body of French troops who were now building a fort for themselves in the same place. This fort they called Fort Duquesne; and on that spot the city of Pittsburg now stands.

The English colonel was much disappointed, but Washington did not hesitate. Sending back word to the Gov-

ernor and urging him to send on more troops, he began building a road as he went and at last, reaching a level piece of land at the foot of the Alleghany Mountains, called Great Meadows, he began building a fort. Soon a friendly Indian brought him word that the French were coming to drive him out; but guided by the Indian, with forty soldiers he marched through the forest at night and at sunrise attacked the French, thus firing the first shot in the seven years' war between France and England. Scattering the French troops and taking over twenty prisoners, he marched quickly back to Great Meadows.

But the French at Fort Duquesne soon heard of this and a large body of troops marched to attack him. Washington strengthened his fort as much as possible, but the French force was far superior to his, and after nine hours of severe fighting, he was obliged to surrender. He was allowed to return home with his men after promising to build no more forts west of the mountains for one year.

With a heavy heart the young colonel marched his men homeward. It was his first defeat, and he was but twenty-two years old. But defeat is sometimes as necessary as success in developing the greatness of a man's character, and he had learned something of the art of war. He knew what it meant to be a soldier; he had heard the whistling of bullets around his head and had learned to lead men in battle. Twenty-one years from the day he marched away

from Great Meadows he drew his sword at the head of the American Army.

The Governor now wished him to organize a larger company and again attack Fort Duquesne, but experience had taught Washington that it was useless to start at the beginning of winter with soldiers who had neither clothes, ammunition nor blankets fit for such an expedition. He urged the Governor to prepare his soldiers, and start in the spring; but there were many others, jealous of the young commander, who advised differently, and at last, tired of trying to make an army with nothing to make it of, Washington resigned his commission in disgust.

But now England saw the needs and dangers of her colonies, and in February, 1775, sent Major-General Edward Braddock with two regiments of soldiers from England, with authority to command all the soldiers of the colonies. Here was something grand! The King's soldiers, splendidly dressed and well drilled, under a veteran general, were something very different from bodies of ragged frontiersmen under captains who knew nothing of war. Washington longed to be one of them, for here was a chance to learn the *real* art of war. But he held no commission now and had no company to offer. However, General Braddock soon heard of the young Virginia colonel who had so bravely tried to drive the French from His Majesty's dominions, and he offered Washington a position

as aid-de-camp on his military staff, which was gladly accepted, and early in May he joined General Braddock and the campaign began.

Braddock had little patience with the ragged, undrilled soldiers of the Colonies, and Washington was learning a good many things about soldiers. He saw that the English regiments, with their fine uniforms and military training, were no braver men than the slouchy looking Virginians. Besides they knew nothing of Indian warfare, nor of marching over rough mountains and through dense forests.

Slowly, and with all the parade of an old world army, making roads and building bridges as he passed, General Braddock marched along. Washington was sick with fever and unable to sit up much of the time, but he saw plainly that Braddock did not understand border warfare. On the 9th of July, though weak from the fever, Washington mounted his horse and joined General Braddock.

The army was about to ford the Monongahela River and marched down the bank, with bands playing and colors floating on the warm July air. Braddock thought the sight of his gallant army would strike dismay and terror to the hearts of the French and Indians. In after years Washington said it was the most beautiful sight he had ever witnessed. The soldiers marched in regular order, the sun shining brightly on their burnished arms, the river flowing deep and tranquil on their right, the solemn gran-

deur of the over-shadowing forests on their left. But the beauty of the scene did not blind Washington's eyes to the fatal blunder they were making. He pointed out the danger of an ambush and urged General Braddock to send a scouting party in advance. But Braddock flew into a passion at once: "High times, high times, indeed!" he exclaimed, "when a Colonel Buckskin would teach a British General how to fight."

On marched the army through dense underbrush, over hills and into hollows, when suddenly a man appeared in their path, waved his hand and disappeared. In an instant a shower of bullets and arrows fell around them and the battle began. The British soldiers formed in a solid square and fired volley after volley into the woods, but could see no foe. From every direction came bullets and arrows, and half their number lay dead; then in terror they turned and fled. Slipping behind trees and rocks, the despised Virginians held back the enemy and protected the retreat of the British. Five horses fell under General Braddock, and at last he was fatally wounded. Washington was everywhere, his tall figure towering above the rest. Two horses were shot under him and four bullets pierced his coat, but he seemed to bear a charmed life as he rode back and forth, the only officer not wounded of all Braddock's staff.

Slowly and sadly the remnant of that gay, proud little

army retreated, carrying their dying General with them; and on the fourth day of the retreat he died and was buried by the roadside. Washington read the burial service over the grave, for all the chaplains were dead or wounded. So the great expedition of General Braddock ended in gloom and disaster.

The Virginians, greatly alarmed, now resolved to increase their army at once, and George Washington was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Virginia. He was now twenty-three years old, and the next three years were, perhaps, the most trying ones of his eventful life. He had seen the order and discipline of English troops and wished to organize his army on the same plan. But the free, independent backwoodsmen did not take kindly to military discipline, and were so poorly paid they could scarcely supply themselves with shoes, stockings, and shirts.

Washington was expected to defend the western frontier against the French and Indians who were daily growing bolder. Without men or money this was an impossible task. Often he was tempted to resign his command, but the poor settlers on the frontier entreated him not to do so. It was a hard school for the young commander, yet the lessons then learned served him well in later years. But brighter days were coming.

Mr. Pitt, a famous English statesman, took charge of

England's affairs and at once began helping the colonies. English soldiers were sent over, able men were placed in command, Virginia raised two more regiments, and Washington still held command of the Virginians. Braddock had refused to listen to him, but the new commander counselled with him and often gave him the lead.

Late in the fall of 1758 the army again marched against Fort Duquesne, the Virginia soldiers under Washington in advance. The French soon saw that this was a different expedition, and after burning Fort Duquesne, left the Ohio valley. The English found only a smoking ruin, but raising the English flag, they soon constructed a larger and better fort, calling it Fort Pitt, and from that beginning grew the beautiful city of Pittsburg, for many years called the "Gateway of the West."

The French had left the valley, an army was no longer needed, and Washington, resigning his commission, returned to his home at Mount Vernon, which was now really his — his brother Lawrence's daughter having died young — and he once more took up the life of a Virginia planter.

Something else had occurred in his life which perhaps made it easy for him to resign his command and retire to the quiet life of a Virginia farmer. While travelling on horseback through the state, he had stopped over night at the house of a friend and there met a beautiful young widow, Martha Custis. It was easy to make excuses for

calling often, and being as diligent in love as in war, in a few weeks he won the lady's promise to be his wife as soon as the war was over. This was in May, 1758. In November the war closed, and on January 6th, 1759, they were married.

Washington at once took his wife and her two little children, six and four years old, to his home at Mount Vernon. He was now a very wealthy man for that time. He had large estates and many slaves belonging to him, his wife and her children were wealthy, and he had the care of it all. But these were the happiest days of his life. They had no children born to them, but Washington dearly loved his wife's two little ones and was nearly heart-broken when the daughter died at the age of sixteen. The Custis boy grew up and married; but soon young Mr. Custis and his wife died leaving little children, and Washington adopted these as his own.

From the day of his marriage until his death, Washington wore a small picture of his wife hung from his neck by a gold chain. In all his letters to her he called her "My Dear Patsy," and his domestic life was always happy and peaceful. The next sixteen years of his life were quiet and uneventful. Rising at four o'clock and breakfasting at seven, he rode over his estates until dinner time, superintending all the work and improvements. He was a splendid horseman, and loved to break colts as well as

when he was a boy at home. Between dinner and tea time he wrote letters and posted his books, for he kept a strict book account of everything about his estate, his horses, cattle, crops, slaves, everything bought or sold was written down in its proper place.

Everything used upon the farm or in the house was bought in England, and twice a year he sent a list of things to be purchased to his agent in London. All these bills are preserved in his library. It is a wonder how people managed to remember all their wants at one time. All the plows, hoes, spades, medicines, groceries, furniture, books, and clothing for so many people made a long list; there were all the slaves to be fed and clothed as well as the family, and in making out those bills Washington did not forget to order "Toys for Master Custis," and "A fashionably dressed doll-baby for Miss Custis, four years old."

Washington was also fond of society, often entertaining his friends at his beautiful home: and the grave, stately Commander and his beautiful wife were welcome visitors in the cities of Virginia and Maryland.

He was fond of hunting, especially fox hunting, and was always ready for a day's ride after the hounds. The Potomac River afforded excellent fishing and duck-hunting, and during the season he was out early and late shooting.

Thus the happy days, full of pleasant work and cheerful

recreation, passed swiftly by until 1765, when the British Parliament passed the Stamp Act and roused the Colonies to fiery indignation. So strong was the feeling against this Act that at last it was repealed, but England imposed heavy duties on tea, paper, glass, and other articles, until in December, 1773, occurred the famous Boston Tea Party, followed by the seizure and fortification of Boston Neck by the British. Massachusetts now called a convention of the Colonies, and George Washington was one of the delegates from Virginia, riding to Philadelphia in company with Edmund Pendleton and the fiery, eloquent Patrick Henry.

Soon the news of Concord and Lexington roused every one, and on May 10th the Continental Congress again met and, after a few days' debate, elected George Washington Commander-in-Chief of the American Army.

It was on the 15th of June, 1775, that he was elected and the next day he accepted the commission on condition that he should receive no pay but bear his own expenses.

There was no time to lose, no time to return home and bid good-by to wife and friends, and he knew not whether he would ever see them again. But he wrote a long letter to his "Dear Patsy," telling her of his appointment and of how much rather he would remain at home with her, but duty called, his country commanded, and he must obey or seem a coward. I do not think Martha

WASHINGTON ELM, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

"Under this tree Washington first took command of the American Army, July 3, 1775."

Washington would have wished him to do otherwise; she must have been very proud of her brave soldier husband.

Washington started for Boston on June 21st, accompanied by a body of horsemen. When only a few miles on the road they met a messenger bringing news of the Battle of Bunker Hill. "Why did the Provincials retreat?" the messenger was asked. "For want of ammunition," he replied. "Did they stand the fire of the British?" Washington asked. "That they did, sir! And held their own fire in reserve until the enemy were within eight rods." "Then the liberty of the country is safe!" exclaimed Washington, for he remembered Braddock's splendid troops, and thought if a body of farmers could meet such an attack, they would make brave soldiers.

All along the route people welcomed him, and on the afternoon of July 2nd he rode into Cambridge where the army was assembled, and on the morning of July 3rd, 1775, took command, and the seven long dreary years of the Revolutionary War began.

You can read in history all the incidents of this war. How the brave little Army of America fought against the well-dressed, well-drilled British Regulars, sometimes winning glorious victories and again suffering disastrous defeats. How intrenchments were thrown up on Dorchester Heights in one night and the British compelled to leave Boston. How in the dead of night Washington

withdrew his men from Long Island, crossing and recrossing with muffled oars until all were away, and the British marching in the next morning found the Island, but no American soldiers; then the perilous crossing of the Delaware and the capture of the Hessians at Trenton; the terrible winter at Valley Forge, those darkest days of Washington's life, when his little, ragged, half-starved army left the prints of their bare feet marked in blood upon the frozen ground.

Then came the brave young French Marquis de La Fayette, offering life and fortune to the cause of American freedom; and all the band of heroes who faithful to their loved Commander, gave the best of their lives for freedom and their native land. But, towering above them all upon the pages of History as upon the battlefield, stands the name of Washington. His undaunted courage, his hopefulness under seemingly hopeless conditions held together and inspired the forlorn little army, when neglected and blamed by Congress and the people. He triumphed alike over foreign foe and treacherous friend.

At last came the Battle of Monmouth, when General Charles Lee, jealous of Washington's greatness, disobeyed orders and refused to attack the British. General La Fayette urged him to attack at once. "You do not know British soldiers," said Lee. "We cannot stand against them. We shall certainly be driven back." "We have

beaten British soldiers before, and can do it again," answered La Fayette. But General Lee ordered a retreat, and in despair La Fayette sent a message to Washington telling him to come at once. Away went Washington, and soon he met a little fifer boy who called out: "They are all coming this way, your honor!" "Who are coming, my little man?" asked Washington. "Why our boys, your honor, our boys, and the British are right after them." Away galloped Washington to the top of a hill, where he saw his soldiers retreating. On he went, down the hill, over the bridge, straight up to General Lee, the soldiers cheering as he passed and turning back from their retreat. Looking at General Lee with flashing eyes, he exclaimed, "What, sir, does this mean?" Frightened and angry, Lee replied that the attack was against his judgment. "You are a poltroon," exclaimed Washington, whatever your opinion may have been, I expect my orders to be obeyed." "The men cannot face the British," answered Lee. "They can and they shall," said Washington, "will you lead this attack, or shall I?" "It is the same to me wherever I command," answered Lee angrily. "Then remain here, and remember I expect you to check the enemy." "Your orders shall be obeyed," said Lee.

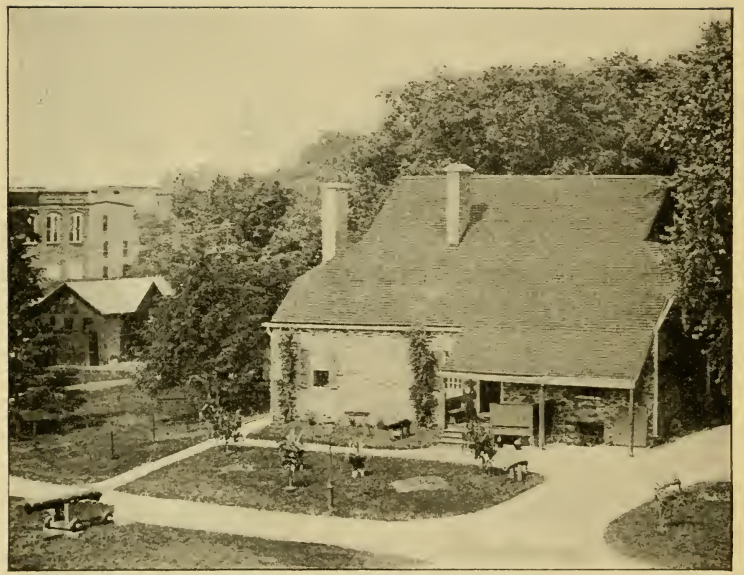
All day the battle raged, and when night came the British had been driven from the field. Washington directed the men to lie down just where they were and

WASHINGTON ON HORSEBACK

in the morning they would renew the attack. But when morning dawned not a red-coat was in sight. Under cover of the darkness they had slipped away. General Lee was tried by courtmartial and suspended from the service, and from that time it was understood who was the head of the American Army. The battle of Monmouth was the last great battle until the surrender of Yorktown, three years later.

Lord Cornwallis commanded the British Army in Virginia, and Sir Henry Clinton, the British Army in New York. The army in New York was better fortified than the army in Virginia. Washington, therefore, unknown to the British, withdrew most of his army from New York and strengthened his forces in Virginia. Slowly but surely they surrounded Yorktown, and Lord Cornwallis, to his great surprise, found himself cut off from all supplies and all communications with the other army; and so upon the 19th of October he surrendered to General Washington. How the people rejoiced then, for they knew the long war was nearly ended.

Washington now made a short visit to Mount Vernon, the first time he had seen his home since leaving it to attend the Continental Congress in May, 1775. He also visited his mother at Fredericksburg. She asked a great many questions about his health and his family, but said not a word about the great honor and glory he had won.



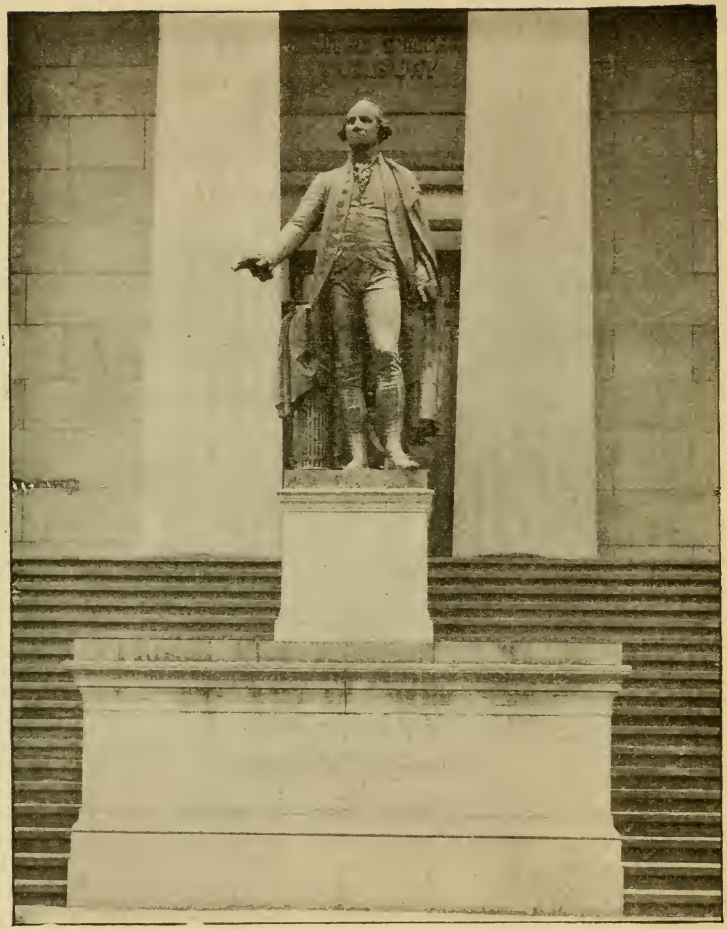
WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT NEWBURGH

To her he was only her boy, not the great Commander-in-Chief, the hero of America.

After the battle of Yorktown, Washington made his headquarters at Newburg on the Hudson and here remained until the army was disbanded. When he was about to start for Philadelphia to resign his commission, his officers who had been with him during the long dreary war came to bid him farewell. One by one he took them by the hand and kissed them, but said not a word. Then silently they walked with him from the room and down to the wharf. As he stepped on board the boat, he turned and waved his hat to them. In silence every man returned the salute, their hearts too full of grief for words to be spoken.

Washington went to Philadelphia, resigned his commission, and once more became a private citizen. He hastened back to Mount Vernon, where he passed a quiet, happy winter enjoying the society of his wife and her grandchildren, whom they had adopted as their own. The next Spring he resumed his old life as a farmer. He enlarged his house, planted trees, and looked after his different estates. No doubt he found much to do after being absent seven years.

But while Washington was planting trees and visiting his old friends, the country was drifting to ruin. There was no union between the Colonies, no authority, no government. At last a convention was called to draft a



UNITED STATES TREASURY BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY.

On this site in Federal Hall, April 30, 1789, George Washington took the oath as the first President of the United States of America.

constitution. Washington was chosen a delegate from Virginia, and for four months the Convention met day by day, framing the Constitution by which our great nation is now governed. At last it was completed and every member signed it; George Washington first, as President of the Convention. But more than a year passed before enough States adopted it to make it the law of the land.

Now came the question: Who should be the first President of the United States? Every one named Washington, and though very reluctant to do so, he at last accepted the nomination. He wrote to La Fayette that after the stormy life he had led he would much rather pass the remainder of his life quietly at home with his family. But there was no doubt about the people's choice, every vote was cast for Washington.

Congress was in session in Federal Hall, in Wall Street, New York. At noon, on April 30th, 1789, Washington entered the Senate Chamber and was escorted to the balcony in front of the Hall by John Adams. Here Robert R. Livingston, Chancellor of the State of New York, pronounced the oath of office, and Washington replied, "I swear, so help me God," and bent his stately head to kiss the Bible lying on a stand before him. Then the Chancellor turned to the crowded street below, waved his hand, and cried; "Long live George Washington,

President of the United States!" Then how the people shouted, how bells rang and cannons roared.

With the good will of all the people, Washington entered upon his duties as President. For eight years he held the office. He called to his Cabinet the wisest men of the nation. Through good and evil report he led his country safely, guarding her from dangers at home and abroad. He still kept his old habits of rising at four and retiring at nine, and his chief recreations were riding and driving. He never lost his love for good horses nor his ability to manage them.

Mrs. Washington was a lady, very courteous and kindly in manner, and filled her position as wife of the first President with great dignity and sweetness of character. But her heart was in her home at Mount Vernon, and they both longed for the time when they could return to it.

After serving eight years, Washington declined another term. For more than twenty years he had really stood at the head of the nation. He had started the country on the road to prosperity and was tired alike of flattery and of censure. Now that his country no longer stood in peril, he would go back to his dearly loved farm. But before he went he wrote his famous "Farewell Address to the People of the United States." The one aim of his life had been to serve his country faithfully, and the address was full of advice, warning, and political wisdom. He attended

the inauguration of the new President, John Adams. As he returned to his own home, the people crowded around him and cheered and cheered. He smiled and waved his hat to them, his hair, grown white in their service, blown about his face by the wind. Upon the threshold he turned and looked long and earnestly at them. His face was very pale and tears stood in his eyes. He waved his hand to them and passed into the house.

Once more he returned to the quiet of his home and the society of his family, but he was not allowed to enjoy it long. War was threatened between France and the United States, and President Adams appointed him Commander-in-chief once more. In March, 1797, he had returned to his home; in July, 1798, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief, and quietly and without complaint took up the burden he had so gladly laid down.

But he did not bear it long. On December 12th, 1799, while riding over his farm, he was caught in a storm of sleet and rain and reached home chilled through by the exposure. The next day he complained of a sore throat and during the night was seized with a severe chill. Early in the morning of December 14th physicians were called, but could do nothing for him, and between ten and eleven that night, after a day of most acute suffering, he passed away.

His body was laid to rest in the family vault at Mount Vernon amid the tears of the whole nation. Beside him

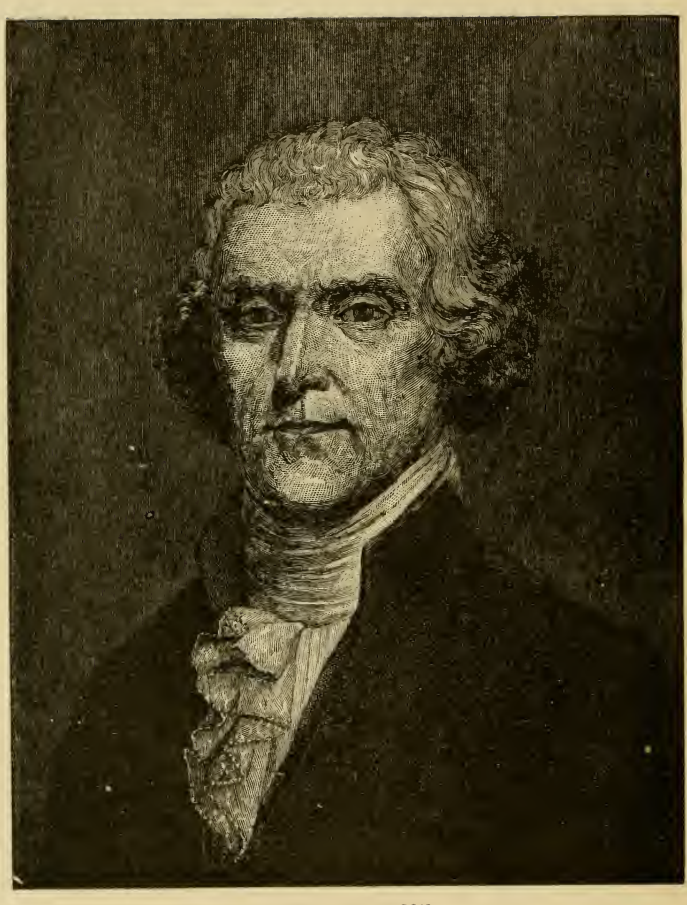
sleeps his "Dear Patsy," she who made his home life so peaceful and happy. The old mansion stands to-day as it stood then, and Washington's bedroom and library remain as they were when he last occupied them.

The house, tomb, and two hundred acres of the estate were purchased in 1858 by the Ladies Mount Vernon Association, and are preserved as a memorial of their owner.

Many monuments have been erected in his honor in different cities, and though one hundred years have passed since a mourning nation laid him to rest in lovely Mount Vernon, yet to this day all boats going up and down the beautiful Potomac River toll their bells softly when passing the tomb of him who was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

"The first, the last, the best;
The Cincinnatus of the West."

But best known to the people of his own and other lands as, George Washington, the Father of his Country.



THOMAS JEFFERSON

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

"The Sage of Monticello."

In the central part of the "Old Dominion" state, among the foothills on the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge mountains, lies Albemarle County, within whose boundaries Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States, was born, lived, died and was buried.

Early in the eighteenth century, Peter Jefferson, a farmer whose ancestors, traditon said, had come from the vicinity of Mount Snowdon in Wales, owned an estate or plantation near the mouth of the James River, which, in compliment to the traditions of his family, he called Snowdon.

Here his wealth grew and wishing to increase his landed estates also, he moved farther west, and upon the banks of the Rivanna River, a tributary of the James, he patented his title to one thousand acres of river-valley and mountain-plateau land. Then, taking with him about thirty slaves from Snowdon, he established his home upon his new possessions.

The trails of hostile Indians were still fresh upon the surrounding hills and through the unbroken wilderness

where he had chosen his estates, but the brave, hardy pioneer cared little for that, and with the help of his servants soon had part of his new plantation under cultivation.

His manliness, courage and honesty won for him the friendship of the best people of Virginia. The Randolphs, one of the oldest and proudest families of the Old Dominion, who boasted of their connection in England with warriors, scholars and even with royalty itself, were special friends of Peter Jefferson, the pioneer farmer. Colonel William Randolph took out a patent of land adjoining his, and when Peter Jefferson wished a better building site than any upon his own estate, Colonel Randolph sold him four hundred acres for that purpose.

Upon this tract of land Peter Jefferson built his house and out-buildings including cabins for his negroes. When all was completed, he brought home his bride, Jane Randolph, a cousin of his friend and neighbor, the Colonel. Jane Randolph was born in the parish of Shadwell, London, and in memory of his wife's old home Peter Jefferson named his new estate Shadwell.

Soon after their marriage Albemarle County was set off and the County seat located at Charlottesville, although most of the country was still a wilderness. Peter Jefferson was one of the first justices of the peace for the new county, and was also county surveyor. He

was a slow, grave man, very tall and said to be the strongest man in the state. His wife was many years younger than himself, a noble woman, cheerful, sensible fond of music and an excellent housekeeper.

On the thirteenth of April, 1743, their first son and third child was born, and when the little boy, who had been named Thomas, was about two years old, the family moved to Tuckahoe, near Richmond. Tuckahoe was the estate of Mrs. Jefferson's cousin and Peter's old friend, Colonel Randolph, who died in 1745; and it was in compliance with his last request that Peter Jefferson moved to Tuckahoe, as administrator of the estate and guardian of the little son of his old friend.

The family remained at Tuckahoe seven years, and here Thomas Jefferson first attended school. In 1752, they returned to the farmhouse at Shadwell and Thomas was sent to a school kept by a Scotch clergyman named Douglass, who gave the boy his first lessons in Latin. He also commenced to take lessons on the violin, and for twelve years practiced three hours daily, until he become the most skilful violinist in the country. This practice he continued until late in life, when a broken wrist compelled him to lay aside his precious violin forever.

In those days boys were taught to hunt and fish and use a rifle, almost as soon as they learned to walk. Young Thomas spent many hours hunting in the woods surround-

ing his father's estate, and made the acquaintance of many of the Indian chiefs, who still made their home in the wilderness of western Virginia. Throughout his long life he kept the respect and regard of those Indians, which he gained when a boy.

When Thomas Jefferson was fourteen years old, his father, still in the prime of life, died after a few days of illness. Like most of the early settlers of Virginia, he followed the English custom of leaving the home and large estate of Shadwell to his eldest son Thomas, while to an infant son, named Randolph, he willed the smaller estate on the James River, called Snowdon.

Mrs. Jefferson remained in the old farmhouse after her husband's death, surrounded by her faithful servants and caring for her daughters and infant son. But Thomas was sent by his guardian to a private school for boys, about fifteen miles from home. Here he took up the studies necessary to prepare him for college and still kept up the daily practice on his violin.

At the age of seventeen he went to Williamsburg, then the capital of the Virginia Colony and entered an advanced class in William and Mary College, the oldest college in the United States with the exception of Harvard. During his first year at college Thomas did not study very hard. He was a tall young fellow, inheriting much of his father's great strength and his fellow students said he was as fleet-

footed as a young deer, seeming never to tire in their long tramps over the hills and through the heavy forests of the Blue Ridge country.

He was fond of hunting, boating and swimming; fond of good horses and a graceful, daring rider; a fine violinist, a good singer and very fond of society. Welcomed to the highest social rank in Virginia on account of his mother's aristocratic relatives, and with plenty of money and servants at his command, perhaps it is not to be wondered at that the boy's head was slightly turned and his studies somewhat neglected.

But this did not last long. He soon saw that enjoyment and good times were a small part of a man's life work, and in sending to his guardian the account of his first year's expenses in college, he blamed himself for his extravagance and promised to turn over a new leaf for the next year.

This promise he kept. He left society, hung up his precious violin, and during his second year at college, studied fifteen hours a day. His only exercise was a swift run just at twilight, to a particular stone one mile from the town, and then back again. At the end of the year he graduated from William and Mary with high honors, having completed the full course in half the customary time.

He still kept handsome, spirited horses and loved to ride

them, and there is a story that he was so particular in having them cared for that, when his horse was brought to the door, he would not mount until he had first brushed its glossy coat with a fine cambric handkerchief; if any dust or speck of dirt showed on the white cambric, the horse was sent back to the stable and the groom reprimanded.

Thomas Jefferson left college with a high reputation for scholarship for one so young, and he did not give up study because college days were over. He entered the law office of George Wythe, a distinguished lawyer of Williamsburg, whose acquaintance he had made while at college, and studied law diligently for five years.

Part of his time while studying law he spent at quiet Shadwell, looking after his estates and reading Greek and Latin, with occasional visits to the plantations of his neighbors when he journeyed to and from Williamsburg.

He was very methodical in his habits and remained so until the close of his long life. He rose regurlarly at five o'clock in winter, and in summer as early as he could see the hands on his bedroom clock. Twilight was his time for exercise. Then he would paddle his canoe along the Rivanna River or, mounted on his favorite horse, take a swift gallop along the country roads.

Sometimes he took a long walk, climbing to the crest of one of the foothills of the mountains on his estate, about

two miles from his home, which he had named "Monticello" ("Little mountain"), and on whose summit he intended to build a stately mansion for himself when he became of age. Here he often sat under an oak tree, looking out over his beautiful estate of hill and valley, woodland and fertile fields, through which the river ran, like a shining thread of silver in the green landscape.

At home in the evening he found relief from the dry study of "Blackstone" and "Coke" in the strains of sweetest melody drawn from his violin. There were no pianos or organs in the American farmhouses of those days, but Thomas Jefferson was a fine singer, and his sister Jane, three years older than himself, who was his constant companion and to whom he confided all his plans and hopes, had also a sweet voice, and they spent many happy hours singing songs, church hymns and psalms.

In April, 1764, Thomas Jefferson came of age, and following an old English custom, the young heir celebrated his birthday by planting an avenue of locust and sycamore trees, a few of which are still growing over the ruins of the old farmhouse where he was born. Part of the foundations and remnants of the great chimneys, with the few surviving trees, are all that remain to mark the birthplace of this great man; and the meadow grass grows long and sheep and cattle feed quietly over the spot where, with his sisters, he played and romped in happy childhood.

Thomas Jefferson was now a man, ready to do a man's work in the world. He took up the County offices which were his heritage and became a justice of the peace and a parish vestryman. He also procured an act of the legislature by which the channel of the Rivanna River was widened, making it navigable to the James, so that produce could be sent to the seaport markets by boats.

He began, also, to make improvements at Monticello, and preparations for the mansion he wished to build there. A young man named Dabney Carr, who was his best college friend and chum, was a frequent visitor at Shadwell, and the two men often climbed to the top of Monticello where they sat and talked of what the coming years would bring to them. Their favorite resting place was under the branches of an oak tree, about half way to the summit. Here they arranged a rustic seat and sitting there, talking together in the twilight, they made an agreement that the one who died first should be buried by the other on that spot.

It fell to Thomas Jefferson to fulfil this promise. In 1765, Dabney Carr was married to Jefferson's younger sister, Martha; in 1773, he died very suddenly and Jefferson laid him to rest under the oak, the first grave in the little burial place of Monticello.

Jefferson then took his widowed sister and her six young children into his household, adopting the children

as his own, and thus proved his loyalty to the friend of his boyhood.

In 1765, soon after his sister Martha married, Jefferson's favorite sister, Jane, died and Shadwell no longer seemed like home to the young proprietor. He studied more than ever now and hastened the improvements and building at Monticello.

In 1767, he was admitted to the bar and began practice with his old friend, George Wythe, in whose office he had studied. He rose rapidly in his profession during the next seven years, and though never a brilliant orator, his sound sense and thorough knowledge of legal questions won him a large practice. But he never liked the profession, and once defined a lawyer as "a person whose trade it is to contest everything, concede nothing and talk by the hour."

During his years of study in George Wythe's office, Jefferson had made the acquaintance of Patrick Henry and had listened to his fiery eloquence, as he denounced King George and the English Parliament in the House of Burgesses. He also made a trip to Philadelphia to be vaccinated, which was then a new experiment, and visited New York, where he met Elbridge Gerry for the first time. Thus these two young men, who a few years later were to be among the makers of a great nation, were learning to know each other well, and when the great hour came were prepared to work together.

In 1769, Jefferson was chosen a representative of Albemarle County in the House of Burgesses, which met at Williamsburg, and here he met Colonel George Washington, Richard Henry Lee, Patrick Henry and many other brave Virginians, who were soon to take an active part in their country's welfare. During the first session of the House which he attended, resolutions condemning the taxation of the Colonies were passed, and when the Governor of Virginia, loyal to the King, hastily dismissed the House without waiting to hear the resolutions read, the members met in the tavern at Williamsburg and formed a non-importation league. Among the signers of the league were George Washington and Thomas Jefferson.

Thus did the heart of the Old Dominion beat strong with sympathy for her sister colony, Massachusetts, then bearing the heaviest burden of royal oppression. But the four years following Patrick Henry's fiery speech were years of patient endurance and useless endeavor on the part of the Colonies, to be loyal to the Mother Country and to the King.

During this period, Jefferson's time was fully occupied with his law practice and he paid little attention to the affairs of public life. He was slowly building the mansion on the summit of Monticello, when in February, 1770, the old farmhouse at Shadwell, where he was born and where his mother, unmarried sister and young brother still lived,

caught fire and was burned to the ground. Jefferson was at Williamsburg when the fire occured, and as there was no fire department in that remote village and few persons, except the frightened negroes, to help the family, very little was saved from the flames. All Jefferson's books and papers were burned, though the old negro servant who was sent to tell him of the fire assured him that he had "done saved Massa's fiddle."

Jefferson now moved into the only finished part of his mansion, a small building with but one room, which later was used as a pavilion or summer-house, and the old farmhouse was never rebuilt.

The building of Monticello now went on as rapidly as possible with only dull negro laborers, when all the brick and lumber had to be manufactured on the premises. The window sashes and glass were brought from London in slow sailing vessels, and it is not strange, therefore, that it was many years before the house was wholly completed.

Like its owner's character, it grew year by year, as into it he builded his artistic dreams of beauty, his longing for thorough steadfastness, his romantic ideals, his love for his children and posterity, and a goodly share of his fortune. All that, Monticello represented to Thomas Jefferson.

While practicing law in Williamsburg, Thomas Jefferson became acquainted with Mrs. Martha Wayles Skelton, the widowed daughter of John Wayles, a prominent lawyer of

Know all men by these presents that we Thomas Jefferson and Francis Eppes are held and firmly bound to our sovereign lord the king his heirs and successors in the sum of fifty pounds current money of Virginia, to the paiment of which well and truly to be made we bind ourselves jointly and severally, our joint and several heirs executors and administrators in witness whereof we have hereto set our hands and seals this twenty third day of December in the year of our lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy one The condition of the above obligation is such that if there be no lawful cause to obstruct a marriage intended to be had and solemnized between the above bound Thomas Jefferson and Martha Skelton of the county of Charles city, ~~widow~~ widow, for which a license is desired, then this obligation is to be null and void; otherwise to remain in full force

Th. Jefferson

Francis Eppes

FAC SIMILE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON'S MARRIAGE LICENSE-BOND, IN HIS OWN HANDWRITING.

Williamsburg. Mrs. Skelton was a tall, graceful woman, a sweet singer and a skilful performer upon the harpsichord, an old-fashioned instrument somewhat like the grand piano used at the present time. The harpsichord made a fine accompaniment to the violin, and Jefferson and Mrs. Skelton played and sang together whenever they met, either at her father's house or at the homes of their mutual friends.

On New Year's day, 1772, they were married at her father's house, and immediately after the wedding dinner they started to drive to Monticello. It had been storming for several days and nearly two feet of snow had fallen, which was very unusual in that state. This fact obliged them to travel very slowly, and just at sunset they reached the home of a neighbor, eight miles from Monticello. The road through the hills was so badly drifted that they were obliged to leave their carriage here and finish their journey on horseback.

Slowly making their way along the drifted roads, it took them several hours to reach Monticello, where they found no one awaiting them. The servants had given up their coming and gone to their cabins; there was no light, no fire and nothing to be found in the pantry to eat, but the young couple only laughed over this cool welcome to a bridal party, and building up a fire made themselves at home, until daylight brought the servants to the house.

Their married life, although short, was a very happy one. It is said that Jefferson would accept no office or position, however great, that would separate him from his wife, and her devotion to her husband was equally great. She once said of her husband, who had done a kind act for a friend and received an ungrateful return: "He is so good himself that he cannot understand how bad other people may be."

Six children were born to them, five girls and one boy, but only two of them, Martha and Marie, lived to grow up. About a year after their marriage Mrs. Jefferson's father died and she inherited an estate fully as large as her husband's. Then, resigning his law practice, Jefferson gave his whole attention, for the next two years, to farming. He kept a farm book, in which he recorded the time when each crop was planted and the date it was harvested. It is said that every kind of tree and shrub that would endure a Virginia winter was planted by him upon his estate. These were the happiest years of Thomas Jefferson's long life.

His thorough knowledge of law and his ability as a writer soon drew Jefferson into public life, while his intense patriotism and love of liberty compelled him to take an active part in the stirring events that preceded the Revolutionary War. He wrote a "Draft of Instructions" for the Virginia delegation to the Continental Congress at

Philadelphia, and in March, 1775, was a member of the convention which met in the church at Richmond, to decide what Virginia would do in the war which they now plainly saw was close at hand.

It was at this meeting that Patrick Henry made his famous speech, "Gentlemen may cry, Peace, Peace! — but there is no peace. The war has actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it the gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!"

These bold words made a deep impression on Thomas Jefferson's mind. He now fully realized the struggle before the colonies; and the next month was heard the sound of the guns at Lexington, where the brave "Minute Men" faced the British red-coats and the first patriot blood stained the soil of the American Colonies.

Washington, Jefferson, and Patrick Henry were members of the committee appointed to make preparations for the coming conflict. On the day Washington received his commission as Commander-in-chief of the Continental armies, on June 20th, 1775, Jefferson took his seat in

Congress. A few hours later came the news of the battle of Bunker Hill, and he saw General Washington ride away on his long journey to Boston to take command of the Army.

Congress had been in session about six weeks when Jefferson, the youngest member, took his seat among them. He was thirty years old then, and his fame as a writer had preceded him. Besides the reputation for a masterly pen, he was called the most accomplished gentleman of his day, being proficient in French, Italian and Spanish.

Although the sword had already been drawn against the mother country, very few of the colonists had as yet thought of independence. Justice from the English government was all they asked for, and they hoped to obtain that by force of arms. It was not long, however, before they could see that justice would never be theirs while they remained colonies of England.

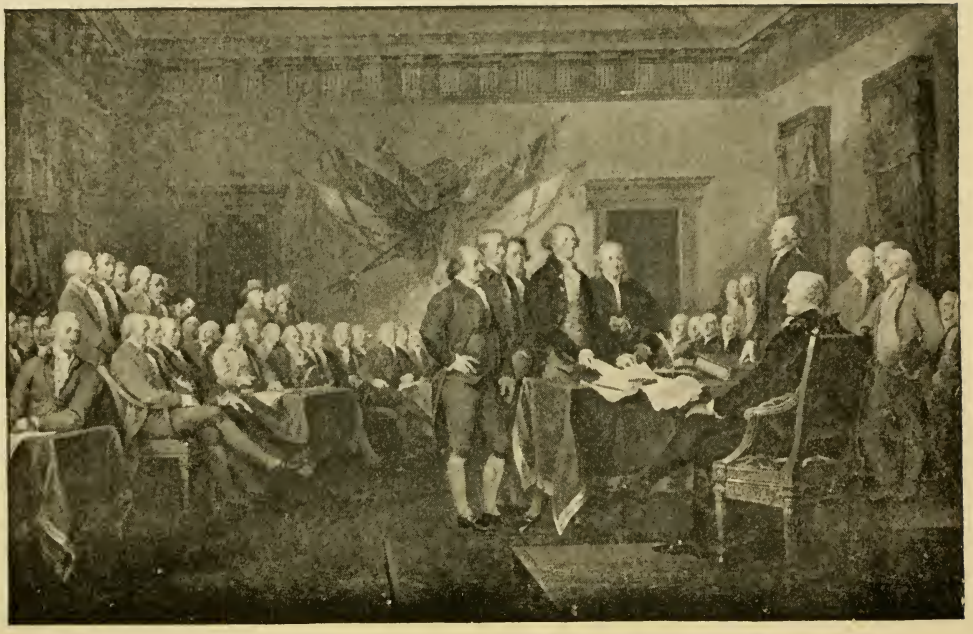
Jefferson himself had no wish to be free from English rule. To one of his Randolph relatives he wrote: "There is not in the British Empire a man who more earnestly loves a union with Great Britain than I do. But I will cease to exist before I yield to a connection on such terms as the British Parliament proposes; and in this I think I speak the sentiment of America."

The year 1776 stands out, clear and strong, in the

history of the nation; but it was only the year of effects, the causes had been slowly accumulating through many previous years. Now Washington had driven the British from Boston, and the whole country felt that the time for action had come. Thomas Jefferson was not in Congress that winter, being kept at Monticello by the illness and death of his mother, but he was not idle. He raised money and supplies for the war in his own county, and wrote many letters and pamphlets urging the necessity of taking some decisive step toward freedom.

He returned to Philadelphia in May, and on the seventh of June, Richard Henry Lee, leading delegate from Virginia, offered resolutions of Independence. Congress deferred the discussion of the resolutions until July, but appointed a committee of five to draft the Declaration. The five persons chosen were Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman and Robert R. Livingston; of these men, Thomas Jefferson, as Chairman of the Committee, was selected to write out the Declaration.

At a little writing desk in the parlor of a small, brick building on Market Street, Philadelphia, he sat, while he drew up that Declaration of American rights, that Charter of American Freedom. After it was written, Adams and Franklin made two or three slight changes in the words used; then it was read to the whole committee and by



SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

Law of Entail (by which all property remained in the possession of the family who owned it, and could not be conveyed by deed to any one). Second, abolition of the Law of Primogeniture, by which all the property owned by a man descended to his eldest son, leaving all younger children without any interest in their father's estate. Third, the restoration of religious freedom. Fourth, the establishment of common schools for rich and poor. The fourth amendment was defeated and Virginia, like the other Southern States, left her poorer population to grow up in ignorance.

Jefferson greatly admired the common school system of Massachusetts, and it was a source of sorrow to him all his life that his native state was so far behind New England in educational advantages.

Jefferson also prepared a bill, proposing the gradual abolition of slavery, as had been done in some of the Northern colonies, but this bill drew a storm of opposition upon his head. Some good, however, resulted from it, for not long after, a law was passed forbidding the importation of more slaves into Virginia by land or by sea. Jefferson could see, even in that early day, that slavery was a curse to the nation, and said: "I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just."

In May, 1777, the first and only son was born to Thomas Jefferson and lived only seventeen days. This was a

great grief to him, for he had already buried one child, an infant daughter.

In 1779, Jefferson was chosen Governor of the State of Virginia, Patrick Henry, the first Governor, having served three terms.

This period of Jefferson's life was one of great anxiety, suffering and care. The Revolutionary War, with its gloomy outlook for the feeble colonies, raged fiercely. British armies invaded Virginia, destroying the homes and sweeping away the property of the people. Monticello was invaded and the family obliged to flee for their lives. Elk Hill, the estate of Mrs. Jefferson, was wholly devastated and the slaves carried away.

In 1780, Jefferson's term of office expired, and he retired to Monticello to devote himself to the care of his wife whose health had failed from the effects of those terrible days when, to escape the British army, she had fled from her home in winter, carrying in her arms an infant child, which died soon after from the exposure.

On the sixth of September, 1782, ten years after he had taken his bride to Monticello, a new grave was dug in the little home cemetery, under the oaks, and Jefferson laid his dear wife to rest. The horrors of war had been too severe for her gentle nature to endure, and leaving her husband and three little daughters alone, she sought the Land of Peace beyond the grave. Two

years afterward her youngest daughter was laid beside her.

Jefferson never married again. The year after his wife's death he spent at Monticello with his motherless little ones and the children of his widowed sister, Martha. The months of anxious watching beside his sick wife and his grief at her death left him broken down in health and feeling that he was growing old.

In November, 1783, Jefferson was again elected to the Continental Congress, and was present when General Washington resigned his sword and commission as Commander-in-Chief of the army.

Governor Morris had for some time been advocating a change in the currency of the colonies, and the adoption of the decimal system of notation, with the penny as the unit of measure, instead of the British pounds, shillings and pence. This was objected to, because dividing the penny would make the money of too little value for convenience; but in 1784, Jefferson proposed the dollar as the true unit of measure, sub-dividing into dimes, cents and mills, with the higher multiple of the ten-dollar gold piece, or eagle.

While to Governor Morris belongs the honor of first suggesting the decimal system, Jefferson could rightfully claim to be the "Father of the American Dollar."

Another important change which Jefferson suggested, and afterward completed, was known as the "Ordinance

of the Northwestern Territory." All that tract of country now included in the five great states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, was claimed as Virginian territory. On March 1, 1784, the Virginia delegates, with Thomas Jefferson at their head, deeded to the "Colonial Confederacy" all that northwestern territory, with the stipulation that not less than three, nor more than five, states should be formed out of this magnificent addition to the American Commonwealth. Congress accepted the deed and appointed a committee, of which Jefferson was chairman, to draft laws for the government of this new territory, and for that of all other lands which might be acquired east of the Mississippi River.

The report of this committee, drawn up by Jefferson, provided that each new state should be admitted on terms of equality with the thirteen original colonies, that each should have a republican form of government, and that slavery should not exist in any new state after the year 1800.

The last clause roused bitter opposition in Congress and was struck out of the report. Most of the colonies held slaves at that time and were not willing to give up so much of their wealth. It would have been well for the new government, then just starting, had they heeded Jefferson's advice; but it took seventy years of experience, and the loss of millions of lives and untold millions of

wealth, before the Southern States were convinced of the wisdom of Jefferson's arguments.

In May, 1784, Congress appointed Thomas Jefferson minister to France, to join Dr. Franklin and John Adams in making commercial treaties with European nations. Taking his little daughters with him, he sailed at once and remained in Europe for about five years. Although he accomplished little in concluding treaties, Jefferson tried to make his long residence in foreign lands useful to his native country. There was but little manufacturing of any kind done in the colonies at that time, and he urged the necessity of establishing factories at home, instead of importing so much from foreign countries.

He sent home descriptions of different inventions which he saw from time to time. He wrote of the screw-propellor just invented in Paris, and also of the Watt steam-engine which had just come into use. He tried to interest the Southern States in the culture of olives and suggested that cotton "might become a precious resource" to them.

Although admiring and wishing to imitate many of the industries of Europe, Jefferson was a true American. Traveling only taught him greater love for his own country. He disliked royalty and aristocratic forms of government and believed firmly in the common people. He considered America the only true home for Americans,

and thought American children made better citizens if educated at home. He said: "It appears to me that an American, going to Europe for education, loses in his morals, in his health, in his habits and in his happiness."

His true American spirit refused to honor kings for the title they bore. The only nobility he recognized was the nobility of mind and character. He once said: "No race of kings has ever presented above one man of common sense in twenty generations. The best thing they can do is to leave things to their ministers. If the kings ever meddle it is to do harm."

Jefferson was in France during the French Revolution. He saw the terrible "bread procession" in Paris, the famous Swiss Guard at the king's palace, the downfall of the Bastile, and he saw Lafayette bravely lead the ill-fated king and queen out on the balcony to quiet the raging mob. But through it all, he remained the calm, conscientious representative of a free government, never disturbed nor ruffled by the excitement about him.

On November 23, 1789, he returned to America and was once more at home on his own estates. His eldest daughter, Martha, was married that winter to a Randolph, a distant relative of her grandmother, and soon after her wedding Jefferson became the first Secretary of State in President Washington's cabinet.

When Jefferson took his place in Washington's cabinet

the new Constitution was just in process of being established. Alexander Hamilton, as Secretary of the Treasury, was trying to put the credit of the new Government on a sure foundation, and all were doing their utmost to make the government of the United States the best and and most just in the world. Still, our forefathers were only human like ourselves and were sometimes mistaken in their judgment.

A Republican form of government was a new experiment; none had ever succeeded for any length of time, and there were many who honestly believed that it was impossible to have a government "of the people, by the people." They believed that no nation could exist without a king at its head, whose authority should be undisputed; while others just as honestly believed that a nation could be governed by laws made and sanctioned by the common people.

Both sides were in earnest, both wished only the best welfare of their country, won by so many years of war and suffering. But this difference of opinion caused many earnest arguments and a good deal of hard feeling, just as political discussion does today.

Thomas Jefferson was a firm believer in the rights of the common people and in their ability to govern themselves, under laws made by their chosen representatives. His arguments won the day, and to-day we are a people

free to make our own laws, with no "kings, princes, or potentates" to rule over us. Jefferson believed in a free Democracy, ruled by officers elected by the people, but Hamilton, his chief opponent, believed in a Democracy ruled by a life-long or hereditary ruler. The two men could never agree, and appreciating Hamilton's great service to the country as a financial leader, Jefferson resigned his position upon Washington's re-election and once more retired to Monticello.

He was now fifty years old; his daughters were married and with their families gathered around him, so that he said his life as a farmer was always the happiest and best. He was very fond of children, and during the whole of his long life the halls of stately Monticello rang with their merry voices, as nieces, nephews, children and grandchildren found a home and a welcome beneath its hospitable roof.

In 1796, Washington refused to again accept the nomination for President, and John Adams was chosen to succeed him. Thomas Jefferson, having the next largest number of votes became Vice-President. As Vice-President he presided over the Senate with grace and dignity, and though differing in politics from President Adams, he did his best to help his old friend throughout the four years of his administration.

But the passage of the "Alien" and "Sedition Acts"

made President Adams very unpopular and, though nominated by the Federalists for a second term, he lost the election, while Thomas Jefferson, the Anti-Federalist or Republican nominee, became the third President of the United States. At the close of his first term he was unanimously re-elected, and thus served his country as its President for eight years.

The administration of President Jefferson is the brightest epoch of our national history. During the first six years, not a cloud arose to darken the prosperity of the people. Simple and unaffected in manner, as he had always been, President Jefferson went into office with no more parade and display than he would make in riding over his Monticello estate. His inaugural address delighted his friends and pleased his enemies. Among other things he said: "Every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the same principles. We are all Republicans — all Federalists."*

In selecting his cabinet Jefferson chose the best men he knew.

He said the only questions concerning a candidate should be: "Is he honest? Is he capable? Is he faithful to the Constitution?"

He abolished a multitude of small offices and strove to

* The Anti-Federalists were afterwards called Democrats.

conduct public affairs with the strictest economy. He was able to support the government properly, and still devote seven million three hundred thousand dollars yearly to paying public debts.

He treated the Western Indians fairly, respecting their claims to the land and obtaining it of them by purchase. He discouraged all land speculation, and the pioneers bought their lands direct from government.

But the most brilliant act of his administration was the peaceful and honorable acquisition of Louisiana. This was purchased from France for the sum of fifteen million dollars, and the payment of all private claims against France, held by the citizens of the United States. This treaty was signed May 3, 1803, and placed the Mississippi River under the control of the United States.

During the last year of President Jefferson's administration trouble arose. France and England had long been at war, and each tried to gain the support of the new nation. Finding that we were determined to remain neutral, Great Britain began those acts which later led to the War of 1812. American ships were detained in foreign ports, their crews seized as English deserters, and often their ships and cargoes were lost.

To prevent these depredations and retaliate for some of their injuries to us, the Embargo Act was passed, forbid-

ding American ships to leave American ports. This act created great dissatisfaction and seems to have been the only official act of President Jefferson which did not meet with the approval of the American people. In 1809, Jefferson's second term expired, and he was succeeded by one of his warmest of friends, James Madison, by whom the Embargo Act was soon repealed

Jefferson still remained a strong force in American politics. He was one of the Makers of America. It has been said of him: "If Jefferson was wrong, America is wrong; if America is right, Jefferson was right." He believed in liberal education, liberal politics, liberal religion; in a free press; in honesty, in popular rule, in government economies: in no kings, no classes, room for the oppressed; in hostility to monopolies; in foreign friendship without alliances; he was opposed to a great standing army and an expensive navy for the support of which the people must be taxed; he had faith in the Union and in self-government.

At Monticello, surrounded by children and grandchildren, the aged statesman prepared to spend the closing years of his long life. He was sixty-six years old when he left the "White House," and nearly forty years of his life had been given to the service of his country. But he was not allowed to remain in seclusion. To his home came Presidents and statesmen, seeking advice and counsel

from the "Sage of Monticello," whose wisdom had been ripened by age and experience.

To President Madison he was a valued friend and counselor. President Monroe came to Monticello to consult him about that "Monroe doctrine," which still makes his name immortal, and of which Jefferson heartily approved.

His old friend, John Adams, who had been estranged from him when Jefferson succeeded him in the Presidency, now became reconciled to him, and the two aged statesmen, though they never met again, wrote long letters to each another.

But the last years of Jefferson's life were especially devoted to the cause of education in his own state and neighborhood. He greatly admired the common-school system of New England and tried to persuade his own state to adopt it. He also tried to introduce into Virginia the "township governments," and considered the "town-meeting" the foundation of good citizenship. But the careless, easy-going Southern people could not be roused to the necessity of bettering their customs, and in such respects they remained many years behind the other divisions of the Union.

Jefferson at last succeeded in establishing the University of Virginia at Charlottesville, devoting time, talent, and much of his fortune to the carrying out of this, his dearest

wish. He was far in advance of his day in politics, education and thought, and each succeeding generation will set a higher value on the teachings and example of Thomas Jefferson.

He lived to see his beloved "University" opened in the spring of 1825, with a goodly number of students and an able corps of professors, most of whom he obtained from Europe. He was very old now, and long years of sacrifice and the desolation of two wars had left him deeply in debt. Then, in his kindness of heart, he signed a note for a large amount to help an old friend. The friend failed and the payment of the indebtedness left Jefferson bankrupt.

But now from all parts of the Union came offers of assistance. The country remembered her debt of gratitude to this faithful servant, and a popular subscription placed the old statesman beyond immediate want. He was greatly pleased with this proof of love and remembrance on the part of his countrymen, and the closing days of his life were serene and untroubled.

July 4, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the nation's freedom, dawned fair and beautiful. Extensive preparations were made all over the land for a great celebration of this semi-centennial birthday of the United States. Thomas Jefferson had been failing in strength for some weeks and knew that but few more days were left to him

on earth. His only wish was that "it might please God to let him see the sun rise once more on the day of freedom." When the morning of the Fourth dawned, the friends who stood beside him knew that his hours were numbered. Over and over he exclaimed: "Nunc dimittis Domine" (Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace).

When the early rays of sunlight shone into the room of the dying man, he lifted his weary head once more from the pillow and smiling said, "It is the Fourth of July," then quietly, softly, the gentle soul left the worn, aged body, and Thomas Jefferson lived only in the hearts of his countrymen.

Far away in New England, his old friend and comrade, John Adams, lay also dying. He heard the sound of the cannon and the cheers of the multitude as the "Glorious Fourth" was welcomed for the fiftieth time, and just as the sun was setting, he, too, closed his eyes to this world, his last words being, "Thomas Jefferson still survives." But he was mistaken. At the rising of the sun Jefferson had preceded him into the Spirit World, and the old comrades, united through a long life, in death were not divided.

"They strove in such great rivalry
Of means, as noblest ends allow,
And blood was warm — and zeal was high —

But soon their strife was o'er; and now
Their hatred and their love are lost,
Their envy buried in the dust."

In the little family cemetery at Monticello, where in youth he had sat planning out the future years with his friend, and where he had laid that friend in final rest under their favorite oak tree; where mother, sisters, wife and children were quietly sleeping, they laid the body of the "Sage of Monticello," marking his grave with a simple obelisk bearing this inscription written by himself:

"HERE WAS BURIED

THOMAS JEFFERSON

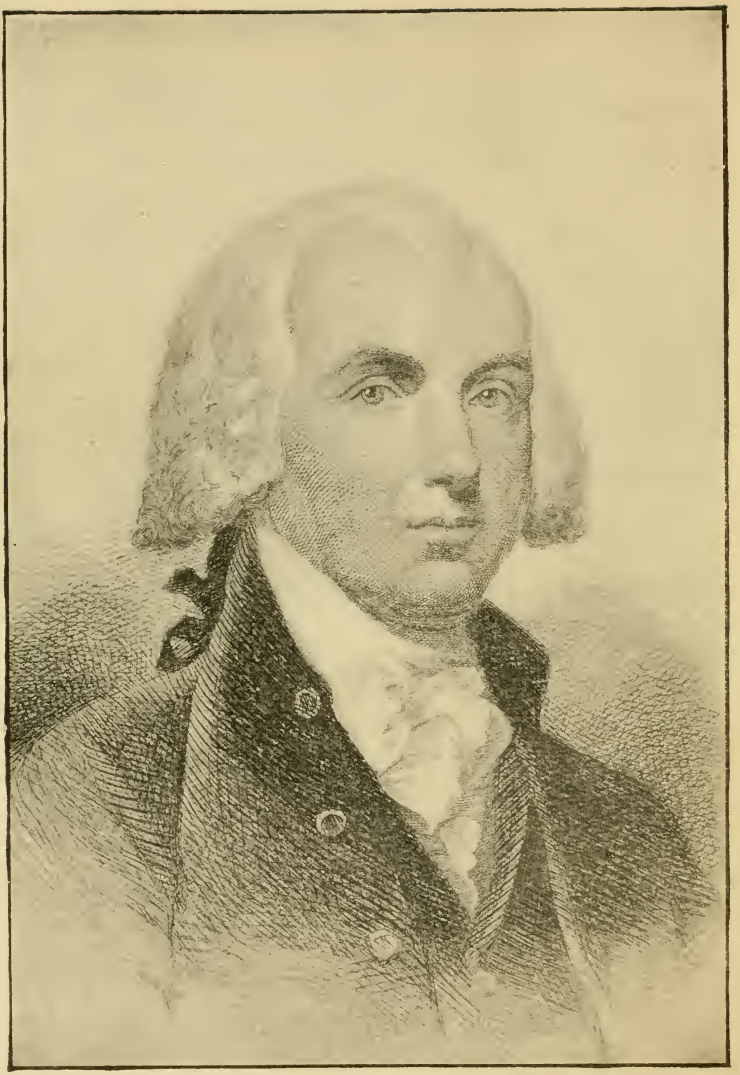
AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE,

OF THE

Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom,

AND

Father of the University of Virginia."



JAMES MADISON

JAMES MADISON.

More than two hundred years ago, in those early days of our country's history, which read now like some old time romance or fairy tale; the days of the Mayflower and brave Miles Standish, of Captain John Smith and the Indian Princess Pocahontas, a list was written in the year 1623 of the names of all the men, women and children in the colony of Virginia. In that list is found the name of Captain Isaac Madison, who, with his little company of pioneer soldiers, fought many a battle with their savage Indian neighbors.

Thirty years afterward John Madison, a descendant of the brave captain, took out a patent for lands lying between the York and James Rivers, bounded on the east by the waters of Chesapeake Bay.

Years passed away, and generation after generation of Madisons took out patents of land from the English government and clearing away the forests of Virginia, made fertile plantations and became owners of large estates. Among these pioneers was one named James Madison, who owned a fine estate in Orange County called Montpellier, and who, about the year 1749, was married to Miss

Nellie Conway, the daughter of a wealthy planter, whose large estate in King George County was called Port Conway.

In the winter of 1751, Mrs. Nellie Madison made a long visit to her old home at Port Conway and there, on the 16th of March, 1751, her first child was born and named for his father, James Madison. As time passed, other children came to the home of James and Nellie Madison until Montpellier echoed with the merry voices of seven children, four sons and three daughters.

The life of these little children of the South was very different from the life of New England boys and girls. The boys of Massachusetts and other Eastern States were sent to school when very young and most of their time, when at home, was employed in doing chores in the winter months and in working in the fields during the summer, while the girls were early taught to sew and knit, to spin and weave and to help in all the household labors.

But children in the Southern States knew nothing of the toil, and very little of the privations and hardships of pioneer life. The climate was much warmer and the winters not so long and cold as in New England; the fertile soil needed little care to furnish plenty of food, and all the work on the plantation and in the house was performed by negro slaves. The children grew up, therefore with the idea that they were not only a privileged class,

but were expected to become rulers of the common people and must prepare themselves for such a position.

This was especially true of the oldest son in a family. The law of primogeniture, by which the eldest son inherited the estates and became the head of the family after the death of the father, prevailed in Virginia, and such boys grew up with the feeling that much was expected of them.

A historian, writing of that time, says: "This had a strong effect upon the aspirations and lives of the bright boys of that generation, as the roll of the noted men of the early days of the Republic plainly shows. It is remarkable how many of them were sons of Virginia farmers."

James Madison was only four years old when the news of Braddock's defeat by the French and Indians brought terror to the homes of the settlers on the western borders of Virginia, and during the two years following that defeat the people lived in dread of their savage neighbors. Montpellier was so near the border that war threatened to reach its very doors. Around the fireside and at all neighborhood gatherings the people talked of nothing else; and the children listened eagerly, half pleased and half afraid, to the stories told by negro mammies of Colonel George Washington, the brave young hero commanding the Virginia riflemen, who were holding back the savage red-skins and protecting the settlements from torch and tomahawk.

To the end of his life James Madison remembered those days; and the child's admiration for the hero deepened as he grew to manhood into respect, affection and veneration for the noble man who was "first in the hearts of his countrymen."

There were no schools in Virginia when the father of James Madison was a boy, and feeling deeply his own lack of education, he was determined that his children should have every possible advantage which they could obtain from the schools then established. Mrs. Madison's education was much better than her husband's and she taught her son during the early years of childhood. Like most great and good men, James Madison learned his earliest lessons at his mother's side and those lessons influenced his whole life. When, in after years, he held the highest office in the nation his respect and veneration for his aged mother was a beautiful example to all American boys.

While still very young, little James was sent away from home to attend a school in King and Queen County kept by Mr. Donald Robertson. Here he remained some time and, in addition to the English branches, he began the study of Greek, Latin, French and Spanish. But his parents did not like to have their boy away from them so long and so the Rev. Thomas Martin, an Episcopal clergyman, came to live in the Madison home and become the

private teacher of the young heir and his brothers and sisters.

James now began preparation for college and, influenced by his father's ideas of the great importance of a thorough education, he devoted his whole time to reading and study, neglecting the fishing, hunting, riding and boating which formed the healthy recreations of the young planters of the Old Dominion, and which were just as necessary to the future welfare of the boy as his books and studies.

In the adjoining county of Albemarle, and just a pleasant day's ride from Montpellier, was Shadwell, the home of Thomas Jefferson who, although eight years older than James Madison, was much attached to the bright young boy, and whom the latter looked upon as a model of learning and wisdom and to whom he came for advice and assistance in his studies. Jefferson, however, did not always prove a wise counsellor. Strong in mind and body, with an iron constitution that seemed never to tire, he laid out a course of study for his frail young friend which would have taxed his own great strength; and in trying to follow the course laid down for him Madison's health began to fail before he went to college.

In 1769, James Madison was sent to Princeton College, New Jersey, with a much better preparation than most boys of his day.

The year 1769 was, perhaps, the beginning of American

history. It was the year in which the Virginia House of Burgesses asserted the exclusive right of the colonies to tax themselves, and declared that Massachusetts was oppressed and that, moreover, the oppression of one colony, was the oppression of all. For this patriotic assertion, (disloyalty, the English Governor called it), the House had been dissolved by the Governor and the members had re-assembled in the ballroom of the old Raleigh tavern at Williamsburg, where they formed a non-importation league. George Washington and Thomas Jefferson were members of that House of Burgesses and both signed the league.

We may be sure that Jefferson, in his long letters to his young friend at Princeton College, did not neglect to tell him of all these stirring incidents and, although at that time New Jersey was the quietest of the English colonies, she was afterwards to have more battles fought upon her soil in the grand struggle for Liberty than any other state except New York.

At Princeton the young student, fresh from a Southern plantation, made the acquaintance of men, both young and old, from all the other colonies; men whose lives had been very different from his own, whose ancestors came from different countries and whose habits, manners, and principles were new and strange to the young Southerner. But he had entered college with good habits, a high purpose, and a stainless moral character which he kept pure and

spotless to the end of his long and busy life. He was devout and high-minded, a member of the Established Church of England and fond of reading theology.

Had Madison been content to take the regular college course of study his capable brain could easily have accomplished the task; but with the example of Thomas Jefferson ever before him, he took up study after study outside the regular college course. The result was that, when at the end of three years he graduated from Princeton with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, his health was nearly ruined. But he remained at college another year to take a post-graduate course: then, in 1772, he returned to Montpellier and assisted his father in the management of their estate, and became the teacher of his younger brothers and sisters.

The stirring events of that time had roused the interest of the students even in the seclusion of Princeton and Madison, like all young Americans, resented the oppression and tyranny of King George.

In a letter written to his father in July, 1770, he said: "We have no public news but the base conduct of the merchants of New York, in breaking through their spirited resolutions not to import. Their letter to the merchants of Philadelphia, requesting their concurrence, was lately burned by the students of this place, in the college yard, all of them in their black gowns, with the college bell tolling."

Looking back one hundred and thirty years at that picture of the college boys of Princeton, wearing their black gowns and gathered in the yard, solemnly burning the letter their patriotic spirits condemned, we can see plainly the love of liberty, the defiance of tyranny and oppression which prompted the act, and it would have been well for them had King George and his ministers heeded the warning. A few years later many of those boys exchanged their black gowns for the Continental uniform, while the Boston school boys who, the winter before had snow-balled the redcoats off their playground, were waiting behind the breastworks of Breed's Hill, with leaden bullets instead of snowballs.

The four years after James Madison left Princeton were years of patient waiting and steady preparation on the part of the Colonies for the conflict that all could see must come. Younger men were taking an active part in their country's service, and the ties which had bound the older generations to the "mother-country," had little influence with them.

British oppression still continued. Boston held her famous Tea Party and was punished by the passage of the Boston Port Bill, which closed the harbors of Massachusetts. The Continental Congress met in Philadelphia and committees of safety were appointed in the different counties. Among those chosen in Orange

County, Virginia, were James Madison, Sr., and James Madison, Jr.

Virginia contributed her full share of men and materials to the Continental Army at Boston, and furnished the Commander-in-Chief. The people in Virginia were also kept busy from the beginning to the end of the Revolutionary War in protecting their frontier settlements from the Indians, who, instigated by the British, made frequent raids upon the settlers, destroying life and property. Madison wrote: "From the best accounts I can obtain from our frontiers, the savages are determined on the extirpation of the inhabitants and no longer leave them the alternative of death or captivity. It is asserted that there is not an inhabitant for some hundreds of miles back (which have been settled for many years) except those who are in forts, or in some military camp.

The Continental Army was steadily increasing in numbers and improving in training. In speaking of it to a friend, James Madison said: "There will by spring, I expect, be some thousands of well-trained, high-spirited men, ready to meet danger whenever it appears, who are influenced by no mercenary principles, but bearing their own expenses, and having the prospect of no recompense but the honor and safety of their country."

Again, when the news of the blow struck at Lexington and Concord reached him, he wrote: "It is our opinion that

the blow struck in the Massachusetts colony is a hostile attack on this and every other colony, and a sufficient warrant to use violence and reprisal in all cases in which it may be expedient for our security and safety."

James Madison was now twenty-three years old, so frail in body that he could take no active part in the war for liberty, but so strong in principles, so fixed in his convictions of duty, so clear in perception of truth, right, and sound public policy, that he came to be considered one of the wisest statesmen in the legislative councils of his country.

The year 1776 brought gloomy prospects for the colonies. On New Year's Day the people of Virginia learned what British tyranny and oppression could do. Already the border Indians had been urged to savage warfare by British officers; and on January 1, 1776, without any provocation, save the desire to teach the colonies what the King's vengeance meant, an English fleet bombarded and destroyed Norfolk, the largest and richest town in the Virginia colony. Five thousand people, innocent of any transgression against British authority, were driven from their homes in midwinter, their houses burned, their property confiscated, and the people of the colony were plainly told that all settlements along the coast would soon share the same fate.

The Virginians bitterly resented this outrage and with

sad hearts prepared to resist British authority and oppression. When the April elections took place the people of Orange County sent James Madison as their delegate to the state convention which was held in May at Williamsburg. The burning of Norfolk had prepared the people of Virginia for Independence, just as Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill had prepared Massachusetts, and the Williamsburg convention, therefore, sent their delegates to Congress with instructions to urge an immediate declaration of Independence. At the same time Virginia declared herself an independent state.

James Madison was a member of the committee appointed to draft a State Constitution. One of the articles of the new constitution proposed by him declared that "all men are entitled to the free and full exercise of their religion;" but this clause was dropped. James Madison, the youngest member, made a deep and lasting impression upon the older men who made up that convention. Thomas Jefferson said of him: "Mr. Madison came into the House in 1776, a new member, and young. In 1777, he became a member of the Council of State, and from there went to Congress.

"His discriminating mind and extensive information rendered him the first of every assembly of which he became a member. With these powers was united a pure and spotless virtue which no calumny has ever ventured to assail."

While Virginia was adopting her constitution and choosing Patrick Henry first governor of the State, old Liberty Bell in Philadelphia rang out the Declaration of Independence, proclaiming Liberty to all the nation.

Then followed the long years of war, with all its horrors and suffering, its anxieties and disappointments. Years that tried not only the courage and patience of men but their honor and good sense also. Years when wise counsellors were as necessary as trained soldiers, and when the country needed brave statesmen as well as brave generals.

Among those who were wise statesmen, James Madison ranked with the highest, although he lost one election to the Legislature of his State by refusing to follow the custom of that time and furnish an unlimited supply of liquor on election day. He was willing to ask men to vote for him, but refused to "treat" any one, saying that "the reputation and success of representative government depends on the purity of popular elections." But in November of the same year he was elected by a large majority a member of the Council of State. Madison's education had much to do with his election to the Council, since no other member understood foreign languages and there were many letters from European nations to be answered, and many foreign military men who sought commissions in the little army of the new republic.

In 1779, James Madison was chosen as a delegate to

Congress from Virginia, and on March 26, 1780, he arrived at Philadelphia and took his seat.

He was not quite thirty years old, but he had won the confidence of his own state and of the men from other colonies who conducted the government. The letters written to Thomas Jefferson by Madison, at this time, describe the many evils and failures of the new government, and show plainly that he was constantly studying, not how to increase his own wealth and importance, but how to remedy the mistakes, failures and disasters he saw around him. The republic was then a new experiment and Madison, with other brave, strong men of his day, worked constantly and faithfully to establish that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people," which we proudly preserve as our most precious heritage.

The new republic was greatly in need of money. There was none in the Treasury — in fact there was no Treasury, — and when men were sent to Europe to try to borrow money, the first question asked by the shrewd money-lenders was: "What security can you give? How do you propose to raise money to pay your national debt? What are your sources of revenue?" To these questions, alas! there was no answer. Congress now issued Continental money, but it was nearly worthless. Thomas Jefferson loaned the State of Virginia thirteen thousand dollars in gold, and when he received payment in Con-

tinental currency, the amount just bought him an overcoat.

The members of Congress were paid a salary by their respective states but the money had so little value it would not pay their board bills, and James Madison, with the others, was often greatly in need of a little money. Their country's need, however, was greater than their own and they made no complaint.

It has been said of James Madison that he was never a boy. Perhaps his ill health and delicate frame made him seem old. Although always cheerful and sociable, he was never carried away by fiery enthusiasm like Patrick Henry, never so hot-headed and impetuous as John Adams, and was more even-tempered and impartial than George Washington himself. In those debates in Congress, where so many lost their self-control, he was always cool, calm and courteous, and this ability to "keep cool," united with his knowledge of foreign laws, his foresight and intelligence, made him one of the wisest, most useful men in the Continental Congress.

There were a great many laws to be made for the new nation. When we think of all the different branches of our great system of government, from township officers to president, of all the foreign nations with whom we have treaties and the necessary laws relating to those treaties, and to our commerce with the whole world, we can form

some idea of the great task the statesmen of our country found before them after the Declaration of Independence. Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, and James Madison laid the foundation on which this great structure of civil government rests.

On January 20, 1783, a general treaty of peace was signed at Paris, and the United Colonies were left to adjust themselves on a new basis — that of Freedom. In 1784, Madison's term in Congress expired and he returned to Montpellier. He was immediately elected to the Virginia Assembly, and this time he had no need to solicit votes or buy election whiskey. There was no other man in the country so competent to fill the position and he soon became one of the ruling minds in the State Legislature. Patient, courteous, but persistent, he made many reforms in the laws of the Old Dominion; and in the autumn of 1785, the legislature passed an act "for the establishing of religious freedom." Jefferson was the author of this act and for several years had urged its passage, but to James Madison's untiring zeal was due its final triumph.

In February, 1785, the college of William and Mary conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon Madison, and during the same year he made a visit to General Washington at Mt. Vernon. He also visited New York in company with the Marquis La Fayette and with him attended a gathering of the Six Nations at Fort Schuyler, New York.

Later in the year La Fayette, accompanied by General Washington, visited Montpellier and the Legislature of Virginia at Williamsburg.

In 1786, Madison's term in the Virginia Assembly closed and he was again elected a delegate to Congress, where he took his seat in February, 1787.

The 14th of May, 1787, had been chosen as the date for a Constitutional Convention at Philadelphia. It had become necessary to form some kind of a government which would bind the states together with a common interest or they would soon be at war among themselves. James Madison was a delegate to this convention and he had given so much study to the subject, that when he started for Philadelphia he carried with him a written outline of a constitution. He said afterward that this was "the earliest sketch on paper, of a constitutional government for the Union, to be sanctioned by the people."

Framing a constitution was slow work. It seemed impossible to draw up a paper to which all the delegates would agree. But at last the parchment copy was prepared and one after another the delegates signed it, until these final words were written:

"Done in convention by the unanimous consent of the States present, this 17th day of September, in the year of our Lord 1787, and of the Independence of the United States of America the twelfth."

The Constitution was then laid before Congress, and again James Madison spoke long and often in favor of its adoption.

During that summer a series of papers called the "Federalist" was printed in a New York Journal and they are still considered standard authority on the Constitution. Of these papers Alexander Hamilton wrote forty-six, James Madison twenty-nine and John Jay five.

When the Constitution was ratified by Congress, the country was called on to elect a president, and George Washington was unanimously chosen the first President of the United States, with John Adams as Vice-President.

James Madison remained in Congress until the spring of 1793, when he returned to Montpellier, determined to rest for a time. This, however, he was not allowed to do, for he was immediately re-elected to the Congress which was to meet in Philadelphia in December, 1793.

A young lawyer named John Todd, living in the city of Philadelphia, was married in the year 1790 to a very beautiful young girl named Dorothy Payne. Their home was a very happy one until in September, 1793, the terrible yellow fever broke out in the city, and proved so fatal that the death-rate reached two hundred in one week. John Todd sent his wife and babies to Gray's Ferry for safety, but remained in the city himself to look after his aged father and mother. They soon sickened and died and

then John Todd hastened to join his family. But he had delayed too long and in the very hour of his arrival at Gray's Ferry, he was taken ill and in a few hours died. Mrs. Todd and her two children were the next to suffer, and the youngest child, a month old baby, died. Mrs. Todd and her little son recovered and as soon as the danger was over, returned to Philadelphia.

Mrs. Todd was then twenty-two years old, wealthy, beautiful, and so attractive that a lady friend once said to her: "Really, Dolly, thou must hide thy face, there are so many staring at thee." Dorothy Todd had been brought up in the Quaker religion and wore the soft gray dress and white cap and kerchief of that sect.

When James Madison took his seat in Congress in 1793, he was forty-three years old, a bachelor and one of the best-known and most honored men in the country. Seeing pretty Dorothy Todd one day, he asked Aaron Burr to introduce him, and there is still preserved a note written by Mistress Dorothy to a friend, in which she says: "Aaron Burr says that the 'great little Madison' has asked to be brought to see me this evening."

After that evening the "great little Madison" called often at the home of pretty Dorothy, and on September 15th, 1794, they were married and drove in their own carriage to Montpellier, where they remained until the next session of Congress. From that time "Dolly Madison"

was as well known and as highly honored as her noble husband.

At the close of President Washington's second administration on March 4th, 1797, James Madison returned once more to Montpellier, determined to rest from public life and give his time and attention to the care of his large estates. But in 1798 he was again elected a member of the Virginia Assemby where he remained in office until the election of Thomas Jefferson, Third President of the United States.

When President Jefferson made his inaugural address on March 4th, 1801, his old friend was not there to hear him. The death of his father and the duty of settling his estates detained him at Montpellier; but when Jefferson appointed him Secretary of State he moved his family to Washington and took his place as head of the Cabinet.

The four years which had passed since James Madison left Congress in 1799 had brought many changes. Philadelphia was no longer the seat of government; the new city of Washington was now the Capitol of the United States, and there the new Secretary of State and his pretty wife made their home. President Jefferson's wife had been dead many years. Both his daughters were married and living in their own homes, and when social events at the White House required a lady's presence, President

Jefferson called the wife of his old friend to assist him, and "Dolly Madison" was really the "Lady of the White House" during the eight years of President Jefferson's administration.

Jefferson's first term was one of such peace and prosperity that it has been called the "golden era" of the nation. His second election was almost unanimous, but during the first year of the term trouble came.

Great Britain, regretting the loss of her colonies and having the strongest navy in the world, determined to provoke another war with the United States, hoping to win back the country she had lost.

Congress issued protests, and sent statesmen to England to negotiate for a new treaty, but believing herself strong enough to crush the young nation, England would make no promises.

One day the British man-of-war *Leopard* fired upon the American frigate *Chesapeake*, killing and wounding several men. Then her crew, boarding the ship, captured and carried away four American sailors, on the ground that they were British subjects.

The people of the United States were roused by this outrage. President Jefferson summoned a special session of Congress and issued a proclamation, forbidding British ships of war to remain in American waters, but they paid no attention to this proclamation.

When Congress assembled in 1807 they were not prepared to declare war, but the Embargo Act was passed, closing American ports against foreign vessels and confining all American ships to home trade.

For a while the nation approved of this Act, but it soon proved a greater injury to the United States than to Great Britain, and Jefferson was urged to repeal it during his last year in office. This he refused to do. It was made one of the issues in the next Presidential campaign and when, in 1808, James Madison was chosen Fourth President of the United States, he went into office pledged to repeal the Embargo and Non-intercourse Acts.

Almost the first official act of President Madison was the repeal of the Embargo, to take effect June 10, 1809, and this caused great rejoicing throughout the country. President Madison also made an agreement with the English minister at Washington, by which all ships engaged in commerce were to be unmolested. Every one hoped for an era of prosperity and many were the thanks and blessings bestowed on the President.

All along the Atlantic coast was life and action. Hammers rang day and night in the dock-yards where silence had long reigned and the deserted wharves, where ships had long lain idle, rotting at their moorings, echoed with the voices of busy men. On the morning of June 10th, amid the cheers of men, the booming of cannon and ring-

ing of bells, more than one thousand ships, with white sails spread, floated out to sea.

But the hope of peace and prosperity was short-lived. England refused to ratify the agreement made by her minister, and to protect American vessels, President Madison was obliged to declare the Embargo Act once more in force. Then those who had praised him most were the first to denounce and blame him, forgetting that he had no control over the British Government.

British outrages continued. France also began to make trouble. American property was confiscated or destroyed upon the seas. But the stolen dollars did not rouse the wrath of the American people as did the kidnapping of American sailors. Against this wrong Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun spoke with a fiery eloquence that reached the heart of the nation.

President Madison was accused of wishing to preserve peace at the expense of the nation's honor, but that charge wronged him. He had seen the horror and desolation of the Revolutionary war; he knew how small the American navy was, how feeble her armies; he had known the difficulty of raising money to carry on a war; he had helped to establish the young nation on a firm foundation and he dreaded to declare war, and plunge the country he had so faithfully served into fresh disasters. He determined, that if there must be war, it should be with but one nation at a

time, and wished to come to some understanding with either England or France, or both, if possible. He knew also that a great number of the American people were opposed to a war with England, and that the only hope of success would be in a united effort by the States.

But the war feeling grew stronger, until a majority of the people believed that England should be made to respect the American Flag and American citizens, wherever found. On June 1, 1812, therefore, President Madison sent a message to Congress, recommending a declaration of war. Another Presidential election was at hand and Madison was a candidate for re-election. He has been accused of declaring war to obtain a re-election, but the reader of history cannot help seeing that a war with Great Britain at that time was the only honorable course left to the nation.

The last administration of President Madison is really a history of the War of 1812. Our navy won splendid victories upon the water and there was fighting all along our borders. History tells the thrilling story of Perry's victory on Lake Erie, and of Jackson's victory at New Orleans. The British won some victories on land, but the little American Navy taught them that England no longer "ruled the seas."

An interesting incident of the war, and one closely connected with President Madison and his wife, was the burning of the city of Washington by the British in 1814.

War had been going on about two years, when the British, who had been blockading the harbors of Virginia and bombarding towns along the coast, grew bolder and sent bodies of soldiers inland, who pillaged and burned the towns and killed or captured the inhabitants. Admiral Cockburn, who afterward carried the Emperor Napoleon to St. Helena, commanded the British fleet in Chesapeake Bay and his name became a terror along the Virginia coast.

It began to be feared that he would sail up the Potomac and attack the Capitol, and President Madison consulted General Armstrong, the Secretary of War, about defending the city. "What!" exclaimed the wise Secretary, "the British attack Washington? Pooh, nonsense!" This gave the people great confidence, and when a motion to provide a larger military force to defend the city was laid before Congress, it was quickly voted down. But President Madison had lived through one war against Great Britain, and he did not feel so confident of safety as the brave Secretary of War. He called a meeting of the Cabinet, laid the case before them, and insisted that they should adopt some plan of defense.

This they decided to do, but so little did they fear an attack from the British that they made no haste to carry out the plan.

Several thousand British soldiers were now assembled on the coast, and on the morning of August 19, 1814, a

horseman rode rapidly through the valley between the Potomac and Patuxent Rivers, shouting wildly: "To arms! to arms! Cockburn is coming!" James Munroe, Secretary of State, had gone out to watch the movements of the British and he now sent a message to the President, saying: "The enemy has advanced six miles along the road and our troops are retiring. You had better make preparations to leave."

The Secretary of War still insisted that there was no cause for alarm. The American soldiers could defeat and drive back the British before they could reach the city; but on August 22, President Madison decided to ride out and see for himself how matters stood.

Mrs. Madison had made arrangements for a state dinner party at the White House and she went bravely on with the preparations, refusing to be frightened while her husband remained in the city, but soon after he rode away a message came to her from James Monroe saying:

"The enemy are in full march to Washington. Our troops are retiring. Have materials prepared to destroy the bridges. You had better remove the records."

Mrs. Madison at once gave orders to have all the public documents and records carried out of the city, and clerks and servants worked all day and all night to place them beyond the reach of the British. Mrs. Madison herself waited anxiously for news of her husband. She knew

there was danger for him not only from the British, but from his own people, who, having first blamed him for being too slow to declare war, now blamed him for all their misfortune, saying that he had caused the war and that it was he who had failed to defend the city.

Mrs. Madison was urged to leave the city at once since the British would undoubtedly destroy it, and she packed all her husband's valuable papers in trunks and placed them in her carriage ready for flight. Then all night long she waited for news of the President. About noon, on August 24, she heard the booming of cannon, and knew a battle was raging not many miles away.

Two hours later a messenger came riding into the town, his face grimed and bleeding, his horse panting and foam-covered. "Fly! Fly!" he shouted, "The enemy are upon us!" Close at his heels came men and soldiers running and shouting: "Fly! Fly! The British are here!" Then the people rushed from their houses and a terrible scene of confusion followed. A historian says:

"Screaming, shouting, jostling, trampling one another under foot in their headlong flight, the tumultuous concourse of men, women, children and horses rushed toward the river, and in a frenzied surging mass, fought their way across the Long Bridge, in frantic eagerness to escape from the doomed city, and find a refuge among the woods and hills of Virginia."

In great alarm, Mrs. Madison still awaited the return of her husband. Then she determined to save a life-size portrait of General Washington which hung in one of the rooms of the White House. Directing her servants to break the heavy frame with an axe she carefully rolled up the portrait. Some friends ran in crying "Fly, fly at once, Madam, the British are upon us." "Save this picture," she answered, "and if you cannot save it, destroy it. Do not let it fall into the hands of the British."

Then she ran out to her carriage, but stopped to think if she had saved everything valuable. The public documents and records were safe, but if the British burned the White House, was there anything belonging to the government that she had neglected to save? Instantly she turned and ran back into the house! The Declaration of Independence! She had forgotten that! The precious parchment was kept in a glass case on a table in one of the rooms. Back to that room sped Mistress Dorothy, and breaking the glass with her hands, seized the "priceless charter of American Freedom," and hastening to her carriage was driven away toward Georgetown. Once more she turned back, determined to find her husband, and met him just as he was leaving the town with some friends. Arranging to meet at a tavern about sixteen miles from the city both started on.

Through the crowd Mrs. Madison's coachman made his way, and often she was obliged to get out and walk where

the road was rough, then the crowd jostled and jeered her, saying her husband was the cause of all this trouble. At last she took refuge in a farm-house, and the next day made her way to the tavern, where the President was waiting for her. Here an alarm was soon given that the British were coming in search of him, and the friends of the President hurried him away to a little cabin in the forest. Madison was the only President of the United States who was ever obliged to leave the Capitol or flee from an enemy.

During this time the British had been busy in the city. Admiral Cockburn had expected to take possession of the Navy Yard and Arsenal, and capture the military stores; but the Commandant of the Navy Yard obeyed the President's orders and set fire to them when he saw that they would fall into the hands of the British. Disappointed and angry, the Admiral commanded his soldiers to set fire to the Capitol. When this was done the lawless soldiers broke into the White House, ate up the State dinner prepared for Dolly Madison's guests, and then set fire to the house. Other public buildings were fired, and soon the whole city seemed in flames.

A terrible storm arose, the wind blew a hurricane, and the people, watching from their refuge in the Virginia hills, saw their beautiful city wrapped in sheets of flame, which spread farther and farther, higher and higher, until

the heavens seemed one vivid glowing vault of fire. Shells stored in the arsenal were bursting, powder magazines exploding; great walls came crashing down, and then the awful storm of thunder, lightning, wind and rain burst over the doomed city.

Satisfied at the result of their work and the destruction caused by the storm, the British soldiers stole away in the night to their ships, carrying many dead and wounded comrades, killed and injured by the falling walls and the fury of the storm.

On the night of August 26, Mrs. Madison returned to Washington, stopping at the home of her sister, whose house had escaped the flames. The next day the President joined her but not many days afterward they went to Montpellier, where they remained a few weeks, until the city buildings were repaired.

But the loss of the city had one good result. The American people ceased to blame the President for the war, and eager to avenge the defeat and humiliation, won splendid victories at Baltimore and New Orleans, until the British, wearied by constant defeat, and greatly harassed by the French (with whom they were also at war) sought peace. The next December the treaty of Ghent was signed and peace was once more restored to the American nation. American ships could now come and go in safety, the nation had proved its ability to defend itself,

and a common cause had bound the states in a closer union. President Madison was now as highly praised as he had been severely censured a short time before; but he deserved neither praise nor blame. The causes of war were beyond his control, and though a bolder, stronger man might have made a better fighter, Madison's wisdom and statesmanship may have saved the nation even greater loss than resulted from the War of 1812.

In 1816, James Monroe was chosen President, and after his inauguration, March 4, 1817, Mr. and Mrs. Madison retired to their home at Montpellier. Mr. Madison was now sixty-six years of age, while Mrs. Madison was but forty-five. The estate of Montpellier consisted of about twenty-five hundred acres of land and one hundred slaves. Mrs. Madison was also very wealthy, and they had built for themselves a beautiful new home close beside the old one. In the old house, where the President was born, his aged mother still lived, faithfully tended by the old servants, who had been young when she came as a bride to Montpellier. Mr. Madison was a devoted son and Mrs. Madison proved a model daughter-in-law. The old lady once said of her: "Dolly is my mother now, and cares most tenderly for all my wants." She died when ninety-eight years old.

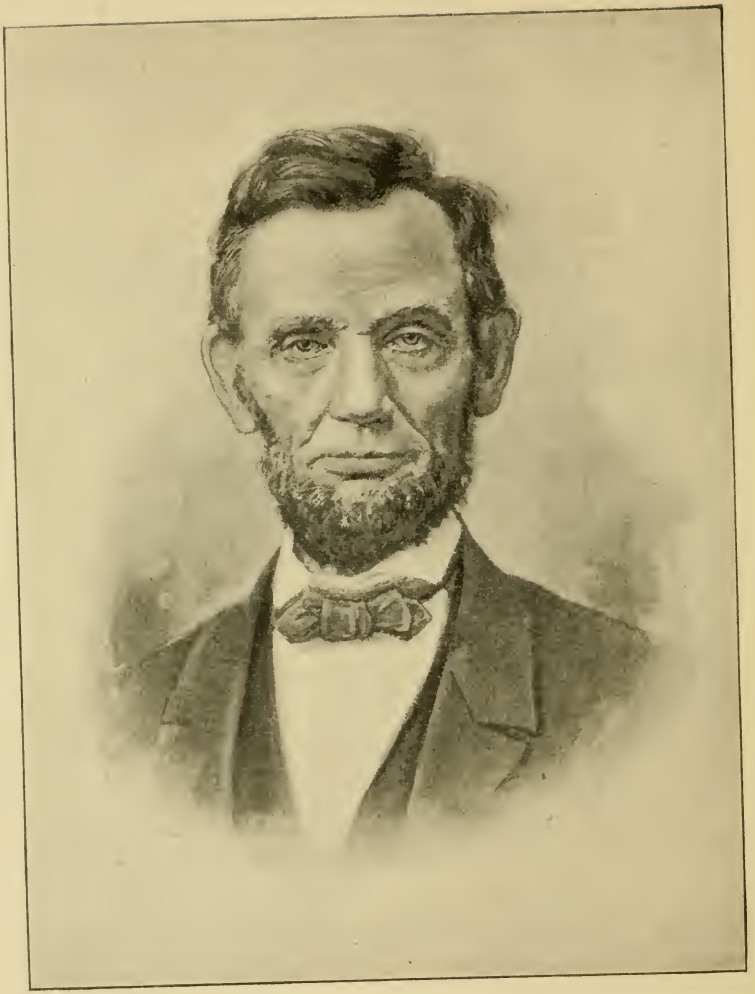
Ex-President Madison was growing old now, though time had dealt kindly by him, and in his beautiful home,

which looked out across a pleasant valley to the Blue Ridge mountains beyond, he lived twenty years. It was only thirty miles to Monticello, where Thomas Jefferson lived, and the two old friends and ex-presidents often visited each other.

Pretty Mistress Dolly was as charming a hostess in her country home as she had been in the White House, and many distinguished guests were entertained at Montpellier. Lafayette visited them when he came to America in 1825, and the house was often filled with kind friends who came to pay their respects to the old statesman.

But old age kept creeping nearer, and at length the gentle, patient old man was confined to his house, and then rheumatic trouble confined him to his chair for a long time. Early in the summer of 1836, his friends saw that he had not long to live, but patiently, cheerfully and calmly he awaited the coming of death, and on the 28th of June, 1836, he closed his eyes and passed away so quietly that the watching friends did not know when death came. No children had ever been born to him and in his home only his wife was left to mourn his absence, but to the American nation it was as if a father had passed away, and no one was ever more sincerely mourned than James Madison.

A tall white column marks the spot where James Madison, Fourth President of the United States and Father of the American Constitution, quietly rests.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"A power was his beyond the touch of art
Or armed strength. It was his mighty heart."

Although a whole generation already grown to manhood and womanhood, many of them with children of their own, has been born since that Friday in April, 1865, when Abraham Lincoln died from the bullet of an assassin, yet, to-day the story of his lonely childhood, his toilsome life, his brave struggle for something higher and better, his success as a lawyer and a politician, his election to the highest office his countrymen could give him, his faithful service and earnest patriotism through the long years of Civil War, and at last his tragic death just when all he had toiled and suffered for seemed won, holds the earnest attention, wakens the highest admiration and respect, and claims the strongest sympathies of all who read it.

The life of Abraham Lincoln reads more like the stories of ancient Greek and Roman heroes, than like the life of an

American citizen of the nineteenth century; but rising far above all heroes of any age or nation,—

"Standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

Born on the twelfth day of February, 1809, Abraham Lincoln was a descendant of those hardy pioneers, who with no capital but strength and courage, a keen axe and an unerring rifle, carved new states from the solid wilderness, and built a great nation.

In 1780, the grandfather of Abraham Lincoln, after whom President Lincoln was named, moved from Virginia to the fertile valleys of Kentucky, to settle near his friend and relative, Daniel Boone. Choosing a pleasant location, he built a log cabin and for six years worked diligently at clearing his new farm,—always with his rifle near at hand, for the Kentucky forests were full of Indians, who, hidden behind trees or in thickets, watched for an opportunity to kill the white man and his helpless family, or to burn and destroy their dwellings.

One morning, while working with his sons near the house, a ball from an Indian's rifle pierced his heart, and he fell to the ground. The youngest boy, then only seven

years old, threw his arms around his father, while the elder son ran to the house for his rifle. Just as the Indian sprang forward to kill the little boy, the elder brother seized his rifle, and from the door of the cabin shot the Indian. The little boy then ran to the house, and the Indians were driven away.

That little boy, who was named Thomas, afterward became the father of President Lincoln.

Soon after the death of her husband, the widow with her children moved to a more thickly settled neighborhood in Washington County, Kentucky. There her children grew up, and Thomas learned the carpenter's trade.

He was a strong, sinewy young fellow, kind and friendly to every one, but with no ambition to succeed in business, and too easy-going to become a very good mechanic. On the twelfth of June, 1806, while working in the carpenter shop of Joseph Hanks, he was married to Nancy Hanks, a niece of his employer.

She was a handsome young woman of twenty-three, more ambitious than her indolent husband, and she could read and write, which was considered a remarkable accomplishment among the people of that time and place. She even taught her husband to write his own name.

Thomas Lincoln took his wife to a little cabin about fourteen feet square, in Elizabethtown; and the next year a little daughter was born, whom they called Sarah. Shortly

afterward they moved to a small farm near Hodgensville, in what is now La Rue County, Kentucky. The land was very poor where they lived, and Thomas Lincoln settled down into deeper poverty than he had ever known.

The house in which they lived was built of logs, with a low doorway and with one small, square hole cut through the logs by the side of the fire-place for a window. There was no glass in the window; it was left open in summer, and when winter came, a piece of deer-skin was fastened over it to keep out the cold and storm. At night a bear-skin was hung across the doorway, for there was no door to shut. There was no ceiling to the little house, but the family could look up to the bare rafters and rough roof-boards, which Thomas Lincoln had split and hewn. The great fire-place and chimney was built of sticks and stones plastered with clay and upon one side of it stood a rude bench, while two or three rough blocks of wood were the only chairs. The floor was the bare ground, smoothed and beaten down, until it was as hard as a pavement. The bed was a platform of poles, covered with the thick, soft, furry skins of animals, and over it was spread a gay patch-work quilt.

To this poor home, upon the twelfth of February, 1809, there came a fine, strong, baby boy, whom his parents named Abraham, after the grandfather who had been killed by the Indians. Never a baby hero came to this

world amid poorer surroundings, or with so little to make him comfortable; and as he lay upon that rude bed, wrapped in soft furs, staring with curious baby eyes at the brown rafters overhead, or the firelight flickering upon the rough logs, no one could have guessed what a wonderful life his was to be.

Even the young mother who loved him so well, and no doubt thought him the best and brightest baby in the neighborhood, could never have dreamed that the day would come when her baby boy would stand at the head of a great nation, and lead three millions of people out of bondage into freedom.

Here in the wilderness, where there were no churches and no schools, the boy Abraham lived until he was seven years old; and he learned all about the great wilderness around him. He knew where the first flowers blossomed in the spring, where the song-birds built their nests and reared their little ones; he learned to shoot with the rifle almost as well as his father, and could use an axe or hoe better than many older boys, for he was very large and strong for his age. But best and greatest of all, he learned how to read and write; for his handsome young mother, although a very busy woman, did not want her children to grow up as ignorant as were most of the people around them.

People who knew her at that time said she was very neat

and tidy, and kept her poor little cabin as clean as a palace. She spun and wove the wool from their sheep into cloth, from which she cut and made clothes for her family; she could use an axe or hoe as well as her husband, and if a deer or any other game came near their cabin, she brought it down with the rifle as easily as he could do it; and when the deer was killed, she could dress it, cook the flesh for food, and make clothes from its skin.

But with all this work to do, she still found time to teach her children. As soon as Abraham could understand what she said to him she began reading stories from the Bible to him, and while he was still very small, she taught him to read these stories himself.

Once a wandering school-master came to their neighborhood, and taught for a few weeks in an empty cabin near Lincoln's home. The young people for miles around came to this school, some of them young men grown, but little Abraham Lincoln, not yet five years old, could read and spell better than any of them. Those were lonely years for the little fellow; no books, no toys, no games, no playmates, nothing but the great, solitary wilderness around him, and his parents and little sister Sarah for company.

Not far from the little log cabin where Abraham lived, in the shade of a group of evergreen trees, was a clear, cold spring gushing from the limestone rock, and from this spring a well-beaten path led to the door of the cabin. A

clear brook ran from the spring and emptied into a creek not far from the house. No doubt Abraham and his sister spent many happy hours playing beside the brook or in the shade of the trees by the spring; and perhaps their mother sometimes sat in the shade with them, and read to them the old, old story, how Moses led the children of Israel through the wilderness, and how, once, he smote the rock with his staff and just such a clear, pure spring burst forth.

The stories his mother read to him from the Bible, and the lessons she taught him from it, made a deep and lasting impression upon the little boy; and as long as he lived, in all the great speeches he made, quotations from the Book his mother loved were oftenest upon his lips.

By the time Abraham was seven years old, a settlement had grown up around their home, and people began to live more comfortably. But Thomas Lincoln, thinking Kentucky was no place for a poor man, and preferring the lonely forest to a settled country, determined to move his family to Indiana, where he had heard that there was plenty of fertile land and, what suited him still better, plenty of game for the hunter. So he started out alone to see this new country, and traveling afoot through the dense forest, at last found a spot which pleased him.

Returning home, he borrowed two horses, packed his wife, children, and all their household goods upon their backs, and started. It was a long, tiresome journey for

the mother and her children, but after many days of travel, they at last reached a small settlement, where they borrowed a wagon, bought some corn meal and bacon for food, and then with his axe Thomas Lincoln hewed a road through the wilderness to his new farm, a mile and a half east of Gentryville, in a rich and fertile forest country.

Here, with the help of his wife and children, he soon built a temporary shelter, called a "half-faced camp," leaving the south side open to the weather. In front of the open side, a great fire was kept burning, which was supposed to warm the interior, but often more cold than heat came into this miserable shed. Over the fire a great kettle hung from a chain, and in it corn, beans, bacon or game was cooked.

Sometimes wild turkeys, geese or ducks were roasted beside the fire, hanging from a stake, one end of which was stuck into the ground; or venison steak was broiled upon the coals. And sometimes the mother would cook delicious "corn dodgers" in a bake-kettle beside the fire, or they would roast potatoes in the hot ashes.

It was a hard life for the little family; but they lived a whole year in that poor shed, while Thomas Lincoln was clearing a little patch of ground for a cornfield, and hewing logs for a better cabin. They moved into the new house before it was finished; there were no doors, no windows or floor; but it seemed so comfortable after "the camp," that

they were satisfied. They had three-legged stools for chairs now, instead of blocks of wood, and a great slab of wood on four legs made a grand table. The bed was still a platform of poles covered with skins, but Abraham climbed to the loft by a ladder of wooden pegs driven into the logs, and slept on a pile of dry leaves covered with furry skins.

He was almost nine years old now, and very large and strong. He worked at chopping, hoeing, hunting and trapping every day. An open glade not far from the cabin was full of deer-licks, and sitting there, hidden by the bushes, for an hour or two, he was sure to get a shot at a fine deer which would furnish meat enough for a week.

Some relatives from Kentucky now moved near them, and occupied the old "camp," and life was not quite so lonely as it had been during the first year. But in the autumn of 1818, a terrible disease broke out among the settlers, called the "Milk sick"; — caused, it was said, by some poisonous herb which the cattle ate, and thus poisoned the milk.

In the Lincoln settlement, so ill fed, ill housed and uncared for, the terrible disease made its appearance and in a few days two of their number were dead; and on the fifth of October, 1818, Nancy Lincoln bade her little ones good-by, telling little Abraham to remember what she had taught him, and to be a good boy, and good to his father and sister. Then, weary and worn with the hardships she

had endured, she quietly fell asleep never to wake again on earth.

Thomas Lincoln made coffins for his dead out of lumber which he cut with a saw from the timber around him, and under a great sycamore tree about half a mile from his home the neighbors helped him lay them to rest.

There was no minister to read God's precious promises, or to speak words of comfort to the sorrowing family, and this grieved Abraham very much. He remembered how his mother loved her Bible, and how much she had talked to him of its truths and promises, and he determined to have a funeral service for her.

He remembered a traveling minister whom his mother had known in Kentucky, named David Elkins, and he succeeded, several months later, in sending a message to him asking him to come and preach a funeral sermon for his mother.

Slowly the weeks and months passed away; the trees were again green and the wild flowers blossoming in the forest, when the preacher came. He had ridden one hundred miles on horseback, forded swollen rivers, and followed narrow paths through the wilderness, to comfort this little boy. He had no hope of reward, and only did what he thought to be his duty; he did not dream that the day would come when a whole nation would honor him because he did his best to comfort a sorrowing child.

Again the friends and neighbors gathered under the great sycamore tree, a funeral sermon was preached, sweet hymns sung, and kneeling beside the lowly mound, already green with the luxuriant wild grass, the gentle preacher prayed the Good Father to comfort and care for these motherless children.

From that time Abraham Lincoln determined to be a good and noble man. His mother had taught him truth, honesty, and reverence for God, and he never forgot those lessons. Years afterward, when he had become a great man, honored by all his countrymen, he said; "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

The year after his mother's death was the saddest in the life of Abraham Lincoln. He was ten years old and his sister Sarah two years older, and together the children tried to keep house as their mother had done; but the log cabin was lonelier, and more cheerless than ever, for the sunshine of mother-love had gone out of it forever. Lying upon his bed of leaves in the loft of the little cabin, with the stars shining through the crevices between the rough boards and logs, and sometimes the snow and rain drifting down upon his rude bed, the little boy must have had many lonely hours, many sad thoughts.

But through the day he was never idle. When there was no work to do, he spent his time reading, or trying to improve his writing. He borrowed all the books to be

found in that backwoods settlement, and not only read them, but learned most of them by heart.

Slowly a year passed away without a mother. Then in December, 1819, Thomas Lincoln left the two children with their cousin, Desmis Hanks, to keep house while he went back to Kentucky on a brief visit. In a few weeks he returned, driving a four-horse team, and beside him in the wagon sat a pleasant looking woman, while upon the straw in the bottom of the wagon, sat a boy and two little girls. "Abraham and Sarah," said Thomas Lincoln, "this is your new mother, and your new brother and sisters."

The new mother spoke very kindly to the two motherless children and when she looked at these poor, forlorn little ones with their scanty clothing hanging in rags about them and then turned to her own happy, hearty, well-clothed children, her heart ached for these neglected ones, and tears of pity came into her eyes.

It was a fortunate day for the Lincoln family when Sarah Bush consented to become the wife of Thomas Lincoln and a mother to his children. Her honest pride and energy inspired her husband to greater industry. Door, windows, and floors were at once added to the house. She dressed the children in warmer clothing, and made comfortable beds for them to sleep in. She brought with her six chairs, a table, a bureau, a chest and a feather

bed and pillows; luxuries which the Lincoln children had never known of.

Mrs. Lincoln had a great respect for education, and whenever a school teacher came that way, she sent all the children to school. These schools were much alike. They were held in deserted cabins, built of round logs, with earthern floors, and with small holes cut in the logs and covered with greased paper, which answered for windows and let in a little light. The teachers were of the same quality as the school houses. "Readin', writin', and cypherin' to the Rule of Three," this was the extent of their knowledge.

Abraham learned all he could from such teachers, and besides, read everything he could lay hands on. Even an old dictionary and the "Revised Statutes of Indiana" he read as eagerly as boys of to-day read one of Henty's books. He had no slate and no paper to use, his copy book being all the paper he owned; but he would sit by the great fireplace at night, and cover the wooden shovel with problems and essays, using a coal or a charred stick for a pencil, then take his jack-knife, shave them off and begin over again.

It is pitiful to think of this backwoods boy longing for an education and eagerly making use of the poorest, rudest material that could help him obtain it, when we remember that every child to-day can have all the advantages he

LINCOLN'S EARLY HOME

longed for, free of cost. All his school days combined would not exceed one year's time, but he studied and read every spare moment, and his spare moments were few, for he was a large, strong boy, and able to do a man's work much sooner than most young boys.

There were six children in this family, but they all lived peaceably together under the gentle rule of the good step-mother, and all of them loved and admired their big brother "Abe"; for he was always kind and obliging and ready to help everyone.

Long years after Abraham Lincoln was dead, his step-mother said of him: "I can say what scarcely one mother in a thousand can say, Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused to do anything I asked him. Abe was the best boy I ever saw, or expect to see."

Abraham Lincoln was now a young man, tall, strong, very awkward and very homely. But the honest kindliness of his homely face made it very attractive to those who knew him well. His great size and strength, (he was now six feet four inches tall,) made him in demand at log rollings and house-raisings, while his quaint stories and ready wit kept all around him laughing.

His first venture into the world for himself was made the spring after he was twenty-one, when he hired out to a Mr. Gentry, to go with his son and take a flat-boat, loaded with produce, to New Orleans. The voyage was success-

ful and Abraham gained great credit for his management and sale of the cargo. The next autumn his cousin, John Hanks, moved to Illinois and was so well pleased with the country, that he sent messages to his friends to come out and join him.

Thomas Lincoln was always ready to move. He therefore sold out all his possessions, and with his wife, his sons and their wives, his daughters and their husbands, started for the new state; and in the autumn of 1830, with his tall son Abraham walking beside him, he entered the state of Illinois, and made that state forever famous as the home and final resting place of that tall, awkward son, Abraham.

John Hanks had selected a piece of land for them not far from his own home, and had logs cut and ready to build a house. The men of the family soon had a comfortable log house ready to live in, and then Abraham, with the assistance of John Hanks, plowed fifteen acres for his father, and from the tall walnut trees of the surrounding forest split rails enough to build a fence around it.

Little did either of them think of a day that was to come, when John Hanks, walking into the State convention, with two of those rails over his shoulders, would rouse the enthusiasm of the state, and set the whole country to cheering for "Honest Abe Lincoln, the Illinois rail splitter."

It is impossible for us, in these days of railroads,

steamboats, and electricity, to form any idea of life in those days when Lincoln was young. There is no place in the United States now where new settlers would be obliged to depend so wholly upon their own resources, as they were in the early days of Indiana and Illinois. The life of those old pioneers was very hard. Only the strong ones lived, and to most of those old age came early and was full of pain. Lincoln grew up in the midst of poverty and ignorance, but he had what few men of that day possessed,— a strong determination to succeed. He did not love work, probably, any better than other boys of his age, but self-respect kept him from idleness, as it kept him from all other vices, and made him a better man every year that he lived.

Again in 1831, Abraham Lincoln made a trip to New Orleans in a flat-boat, and for the first time saw negroes chained and whipped. He was very sad all the way home, and formed his opinion of slavery then and there, and never changed it. But he did not know that his great strong hand would some day loose the chains of slavery forever.

In 1832, the war with the Indians under Black Hawk broke out, and Abraham Lincoln enlisted and was made captain of a company of Mounted Volunteers; this position he held for one month, when the company was mustered out. Then Lincoln re-enlisted as a private in another company, and served until the close of the Black Hawk

War, one month later. He was engaged in no battles and never wished to be considered a military hero. Speaking of that experience, many years after, he said: "I saw no live, fighting Indians, but I had a good many struggles with the mosquitoes."

Soon after his return from the war he became a candidate for the Legislature from Sangamon County. He was on the Whig ticket, but the Democratic party won the election, and Abraham Lincoln was defeated for the first and only time by the vote of the people. He was a plain, honest, sensible man, and Judge Logan, who afterward took him into his law-office, said of him at that election:— "He was a very tall, gawky, rough-looking fellow then; his pantaloons didn't meet his shoes by six inches. But he made a very honest, sensible speech."

Lincoln now went into partnership with a worthless fellow named Berry, and bought a stock of goods. They were obliged to give their notes for the goods as they had no money. The business did not prosper. Berry died from the effects of alcohol, the goods were sold, and Lincoln did not receive a cent of money; it was many years before he succeeded in paying off the last of those notes.

In 1834, when twenty-five years old, he again became a candidate for the Legislature, and this time was elected. This election may be said to have closed the pioneer period of Abraham Lincoln's life.

He was done with the wild, careless life of the woodsman and boat-hand; there was no more running, jumping, and wrestling with the loafing crowd around the grocery store, no more odd jobs for daily bread, no more rude, squalid poverty. He was still, and for many years continued to be a very poor man, but from this time he associated with a better class of men than he had ever known before, and a new feeling of self-respect, a stronger desire for improvement, grew up in his mind.

He also met in the Legislature, for the first time, Stephen A. Douglas, whose name in after years was to be so closely connected with his own; but who now paid little attention to the raw, awkward youth from Sangamon County.

In 1836, he was re-elected to the Legislature and the day before it adjourned, Lincoln and Stone, the two Representatives from the Sangamon, entered a protest against slavery. At that time to be an Abolitionist was considered almost the greatest of crimes, but he did this, as he did everything in his life, because he thought it right and with no thought of its effect upon his own fortunes.

While a member of this Legislature, Lincoln and his friends succeeded in having a law passed changing the capital of Illinois from Vandalia to Springfield, as the latter town was much nearer the center of the state and

had greater conveniences for a capital. The people of Springfield were so pleased over this that they urged Lincoln to make his home there.

He had been studying law all these years, while keeping store and while engaged in politics, and now an old lawyer, John T. Stuart, who had a good practice in Springfield, offered to take him into partnership. Lincoln accepted this offer, moved to Springfield in 1837, and from that time this city became his home.

In 1838, he was sent to the Legislature from his district, and again in 1840. That was the year in which General William Henry Harrison was elected President of the United States. The presidential campaign was one of the most exciting ever known in our country. General Harrison had been a poor man, and had lived in a log-cabin. His opponents sneered at his poverty, but the Whigs gloried in their "log-cabin candidate," and wherever political meetings were held, a log cabin was built. Upon one side of the door a long-handled gourd was hung with a barrel of cider upon the ground beneath it. Upon the other side of the door a coon-skin was nailed upon the logs. In every little village stump-speeches were made and campaign songs sung. General Harrison had been very successful in a campaign against the Indians many years before, and at a battle at Tippecanoe creek had wholly defeated them. From this victory he won the title

of "Old Tippecanoe," and the whole country echoed with songs and cheers for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too."

Abraham Lincoln worked with all his energy for General Harrison. Remembering his own log-cabin home, and the poverty and privation of his boyhood, his heart was full of sympathy for the man who could rise above such poor surroundings. He traveled through the state making stump-speeches, and in many places met Stephen A. Douglas in public debates. Both these men were so shrewd, so eloquent, so well-informed, that those who heard them could not decide which was the greater orator. The Whigs won the election, General Harrison became president, and Abraham Lincoln returned to his law practice.

In 1842, when he was thirty-three years old, Abraham Lincoln was married to Miss Mary Todd, a young lady from Kentucky who was visiting in Springfield. For some time after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln boarded at a hotel called the Globe House, but, in 1844, Lincoln built a comfortable frame house for himself, in which the family lived seventeen years and from which they moved to the White House in Washington.

The next few years of Lincoln's life were much like those of any successful lawyer in a new state. He had a large practice, but small fees, and his income did not exceed two thousand dollars a year.

In 1837, he was chosen by the people of his district as

their representative in Congress. He was then thirty-nine years old, and the only Whig in Congress from the State of Illinois. There were many famous men in that Congress. Stephen A. Douglas was one of the senators from Illinois, Daniel Webster was there, so was John C. Calhoun, and so was Jefferson Davis. Lincoln made several speeches during his term of office, but the most important thing he did was to introduce a bill for the abolition of the slave trade in the City of Washington, which was so bitterly opposed that it was never even voted upon.

Thus the busy years passed by, and meanwhile a dark cloud was gathering over the nation. It arose when slaves were first brought into Virginia in 1619, and it grew wider and darker every year. The wealth and political strength of the nation was in the South where, on the great plantations of cotton, tobacco and sugar-cane, thousands of slaves were employed.

As the wealth of the South increased, they sought new lands and broader plantations, and the people of the North saw slavery spreading farther every year. Efforts were made to limit the slave trade, and the Missouri Compromise, the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, the Dred Scott decision were measures adopted to pacify the demands of the South for more slave territory, or to limit its extension.

But all this was of no avail. History will tell you of many causes for the ill-feeling which existed between the

North and South, but all had their origin in the slave question. Every election it became the subject of argument, debate and dispute, and every year the dissatisfaction grew.

Again and again Abraham Lincoln met Stephen A. Douglas in debate, and every debate found Lincoln's arguments for Freedom and Justice stronger and clearer. His peculiar power of seizing the most difficult subject and presenting it in such simple, homely words as to make its truth appear to all men, made him a natural leader of the people, and the hard, rude training of his early years had but deepened the sympathies of his kindly heart for all sorrow and suffering.

"The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks.

"The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear: —
Such were the needs that helped his youth to train.
Rough culture — but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stalks be of the right girth and grain."

In 1856, a new political party was organized. A party calling themselves "Free Soilers," opposed to the extension of slavery, had arisen; these, uniting with most of the Whigs and some Democrats, formed the Republican party.

At a convention held in June, 1856, this party nominated John C. Fremont for president, but they were not strong enough to elect their candidate, and James Buchanan was elected.

Abraham Lincoln worked bravely for the new party and the debates between him and Stephen A. Douglas were listened to by multitudes of people. These debates were afterwards printed in a book and people all over the country read them. Everyone knew Douglas — he was a famous orator — but now everyone was asking, "Who is this man, this awkward Westerner, who can silence Douglas, the 'Little Giant'?" And the people of Illinois answered proudly, "It is honest Abe Lincoln." So the name of "Honest Abe" became as widely known as that of the "Little Giant," and people also learned that "Honest Abe" was ever the champion of Freedom and Justice.

In 1860, there was another presidential campaign. The Democratic party divided and nominated two candidates; the new Republican party nominated Abraham Lincoln, and at the November election he was chosen President of the United States. He was now fifty-two years old. All his life he had worked hard and been burdened with many cares, but he now took the hardest work he had ever done, the heaviest burden he had ever borne.

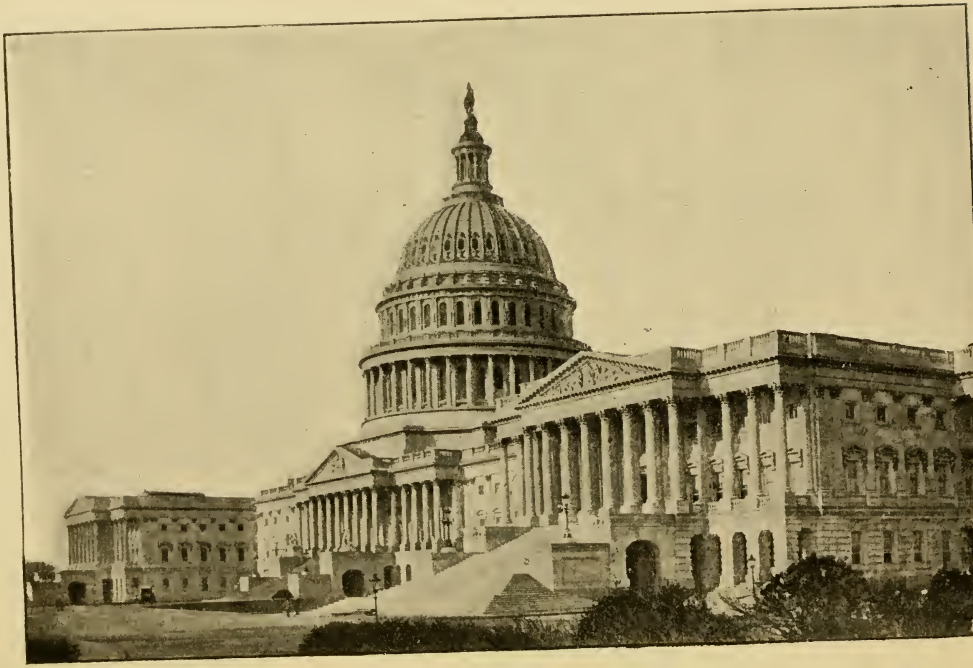
The South was very angry over the election. "The

black Republicans," they said, "will not only prevent the extension of slavery, but they will deprive us of our slaves and rob us of our wealth;" and in the December following, South Carolina seceded from the Union and declared her right to an independent government. Six other states followed her example, and uniting they formed a new government, calling themselves "The Confederate States of America," and electing Jefferson Davis their president.

Some said Abraham Lincoln should never reach Washington alive, and a plot was laid to kill him as he passed through Baltimore, but taking an earlier train than they expected, he reached Washington safely.

In his Inaugural Address, the fourth of March, 1861, President Lincoln said, "In your hands, my dissatisfied countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. Your Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to protect and defend it."

The Confederates now demanded that the Government give up to them all forts, arsenals and public property within their limits; but this Lincoln refused to do and he would not admit their right to withdraw from the Union without the consent of all the states. So in April, 1861,



CAPITOL, WASHINGTON

the Confederate guns were turned upon Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor, and the awful Civil War began.

The next four years of President Lincoln's life were very hard. The fate of the nation seemed to lie in his hands. Around him were the horrors of war, all the sadness of death and desolation, all the sorrow and agony of those who mourned for the lives sacrificed for Freedom and Union. Envious tongues blamed and censured him; treacherous friends sought to betray him: but with the straightforwardness of truth, he passed unharmed through all dangers. But the homely, rugged face showed new lines of care and sorrow: the kind eyes grew more tender and pitiful, and the great heart was often heavy and sad with the burden it carried.

He was urged to free the slaves, but he hesitated for some time, saying that his "first object was to save the Union, and neither to save nor destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing the slaves, I would do it. If I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that."

But at last he saw that the success of the Union Army depended on freeing the slaves, as then there would be no one to work in the corn and cotton fields, and the army of the South would soon be without supplies. So upon the first day of January, 1863, President Lincoln proclaimed that all slaves in all states or parts of states then in rebel-

lion against the Union, should be free, and thus did the strong hand of an honest man loosen the chains that held three million people in bondage.

But still the war went on. There were great generals and brave soldiers on both sides. Each thought their cause just and right, and each fought with a courage and determination never known in any war before.

In July, 1863, came the terrible battle of Gettysburg, where over fifty thousand brave men, wearing the blue and the gray, laid down their lives. After three days of battle the Union Army was victorious and from this defeat the Confederate cause never recovered. Little by little the Northern army now advanced, and it was but a question of time until their victory should be complete.

In November, 1864, Abraham Lincoln was elected President for the second time. Still the war went on, but now the Union soldiers were everywhere victorious, and the end was near. Upon March 4, 1865, President Lincoln made his second inaugural address. He made no boast of what he had accomplished, nor did he rejoice over the defeat of the enemies of the Government; but in this address he said: "With malice toward none, with charity toward all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans;

to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Five weeks after that address was made, on the ninth of April, 1865, General Grant met General Lee at Appomatox Court House, the Confederate army surrendered, and after four years of bloodshed, devastation and sorrow, the Civil War in the United States was ended.

Abraham Lincoln's work was finished. The Union was saved, the slave was free, and the weary brain that had so faithfully watched and so wisely planned, the aching head that had throbbed with pain over the sorrows of the Nation, could rest and rejoice in the knowledge of a noble work well done.

The fourteenth of April was Good Friday. On the evening of that day President Lincoln, with Mrs. Lincoln and a party of friends, visited Ford's theatre in Washington. A few minutes after ten o'clock, a young man entered the box where the President and his party were sitting. No one noticed him; all were watching the actors upon the stage. His name was John Wilkes Booth and he was a young actor of considerable fame. The President was leaning slightly forward, with a smile upon his kindly face, when suddenly the young actor stepped forward, placed a pistol against the President's head, and fired; then waving the pistol he shouted the motto of the State of Virginia, "*Sic semper tyrannis*" (so perish all tyrants),

and sprang from the box to the stage. Catching his foot in a large flag which had been draped across the President's box, he fell heavily upon the stage, breaking his leg by the fall. He sprang up again, and escaped to the street, where his horse was waiting for him, and rode away into the night, only to wander with the stain of murder upon his soul, with a price set upon his head, suffering terribly with his broken limb, until, after ten days of anxiety, hiding daily in some new place, he was hunted down and met his death in a burning barn.

President Lincoln never moved after the assassin's bullet struck him. He saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing. Kind arms lifted and bore him to the house of a friend near the theatre. His son was summoned, and with Mrs. Lincoln watched beside his bed. Around him gathered the members of his cabinet — those men who had stood beside him and aided him with sympathy and counsel during those long, sad years. All through the night he breathed, but when the morning came, and when the warm southern sunlight shone upon the sorrowing city, a look of unspeakable peace and rest came over the worn, tired face, and at twenty minutes after seven, on the morning of the fifteenth of April, the great, kindly heart ceased to beat and Abraham Lincoln was at rest.

The news of the assassination shocked the whole nation. Everywhere business was suspended and the people

mourned the untimely end of their hero, while from all over the world came messages of sorrow and sympathy. Then all that was earthly of Abraham Lincoln was tenderly borne back over the same route he had traveled, when in 1861, he left his humble home in Springfield to take his place at the head of the nation. In a beautiful spot in the suburbs of the town where most of his life had been spent, and where he had risen from the humblest rank in life to the highest, his body was laid to rest. In 1874, a beautiful monument was erected over his grave. Among the words of tribute spoken to his memory that day, General Grant said: "To know him personally was to love and respect him for his great qualities of heart and head. In his death the nation lost its greatest hero. In his death the South lost its most just friend."

"So ended in darkness, but not in shame, the career of Abraham Lincoln. He was prudent, far-sighted and resolute; thoughtful, calm and just; patient, tender-hearted and great. From city to city, in one vast funeral procession, the mourning people followed his remains to their last resting place at Springfield. From all nations rose the voice of sympathy and shame — sympathy for his death, shame for the black crime that caused it."

The newspapers of England had always censured Abraham Lincoln. They had caricatured his homely face

and awkward, ungainly form. They had sneered at his lowly origin, and with unkindly words criticised his wisest acts. After his death, the London *Punch*, which had been most bitter in its attacks upon him, published the following poem, with humble acknowledgement of their unjust comments.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, or art to please;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain,
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain:

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you?*

Yes; he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen;
To make me own this kind of prince's peer,
This rail-splitter, a true born king of men.

He went about his work, — such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand,—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting might.

So he grew up a destined work to do,
And lived to do it; four long-suffering years,
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood;
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame:
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high;
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

GENERAL GRANT

GENERAL GRANT

BOYHOOD.

Among all the great men whose names are written upon the pages of history, there are very few who said as little, and accomplished so much, as Ulysses S. Grant.

Descendant of a hardy Scotch race, from Aberdeenshire, Scotland, he inherited from his ancestors a strong love of freedom and the courage and determination to win it at any cost. Indeed, his whole life and character seems best expressed in the motto of his clan: "Stand fast, stand firm, stand sure." His great-grandfather was a Captain in the old French and English War, and was killed in battle in 1756. His grandfather left his farm in Connecticut at the first rumor of the Revolution, and appeared on the field of Lexington, on that morning in April when the brave farmers "fired the shot heard round the world."

At the close of the War of Independence his grandfather emigrated to Pennsylvania, and there, in 1794, Jesse R. Grant, the father of Ulysses, was born. At an early age he was sent to learn the tanner's trade. When he became a man, he moved to Point Pleasant, Ohio, and commenced business for himself as a tanner.

Here, in 1821, he was married to Miss Hannah Simpson,

and here, too, during the first year of their married life, their oldest child, Ulysses, was born. He was christened "Hiram Ulysses." His grandfather named him Hiram and his grandmother, who loved to read history and greatly admired the ancient hero Ulysses, gave him the latter name. When the boy was old enough to attend school, he changed the order of his name, writing it "Ulysses Hiram," because the boys and, perhaps, the girls also laughed at his initials, H. U. G.

When Ulysses became a cadet at West Point, the Member of Congress who made out his appointment wrote his initials U. S. Grant. Grant tried many times to have the mistake corrected; but this is one of the few things in which he failed, and to the end of his life he bore the initials of his native land, his foster-mother, whose military child he became. He therefore took his mother's maiden name, and wrote it Ulysses Simpson Grant; but among his chums at the Military Academy he was always called "United States Grant," "Uncle Sam Grant" or plain "Sam Grant."

Like most great men, Ulysses Grant had an excellent mother. She was a pious, cheerful, contented woman; caring little for the outside world, but devoted to her children and looking well after the ways of her household. Under her loving care Ulysses grew up strong and healthy, brave, truthful and self-reliant.

Although never a very brilliant scholar, yet he was not at all stupid. He was simply a quiet, well-behaved, every-day sort of boy, who attended school during the winter months, learning his lessons well and always ready for play also. He never liked working in the tannery with his father and used to say that he would be a farmer or a trader down the river, but a tanner he would never be. Had any one told him then that, at some future day, great masses of men all over the country would be proudly marching to music, carrying torch-lights, wearing leather aprons, and calling themselves "Tanners" in honor of U. S. Grant, the tanner's son, he would have thought it a wild dream.

While Ulysses was still a small boy, he was noted for his perseverance. If he undertook a thing, he would not give up for small difficulties, but kept trying until he succeeded in accomplishing his purpose.

He was very fond of horses and learned to ride and drive when very young. The story is told of him, that when only seven years old he harnessed a colt to a small sled, and drew brush from the woods until he had a pile nearly as large as the house. When only ten years old, he used to drive a span of horses from Georgetown, where his father lived, to Cincinnati, forty miles away, and bring back a load of passengers.

If a circus or a show came to the town, and there was

a call for some boy to come forward and ride a pony, Ulysses was always ready; and whatever he undertook to ride, he always succeeded in doing it. Once a circus came to his town, in which there was a very mischievous pony, trained to run swiftly round and round the ring and throw off the boy who tried to ride him. "Will any boy come forward and ride this pony?" shouted the ring-master. Ulysses immediately stepped forward, mounted the pony, and away they went. Round and round and round the ring they flew, faster and faster ran the pony, making every effort to throw his rider; but Ulysses sat as steadily as if he had grown to the pony's back. Presently out came a large monkey and sprang up behind the boy. Then how the people laughed and cheered, but all this made no difference to the small rider. Then the ring-master made the monkey jump up on Ulysses' shoulders and hold on to his hair, while the pony ran faster and faster. The people cheered and shouted, yet the boy never smiled nor trembled, but sat as steadily as though carved in stone. At last the pony began to grow tired, and the ring-master gave up the attempt. He had found one boy whom the pony and monkey combined could not throw.

When Ulysses was twelve years old his father sent him to a neighbor's house to make a bargain for a horse he wished to purchase. "Now, Ulysses," said his father, "you

may tell Mr. Ralston that I have sent you to buy the horse and that I will give him fifty dollars for it. If he will not take that, you may offer him fifty-five and I should be willing to go as high as sixty rather than not get the horse."

As soon as Ulysses reached the house and began to talk of buying the horse, Mr. Ralston asked: "How much did your father say you might pay for the horse?" The boy did not know how to prevaricate and answered honestly: "Father told me to offer you fifty dollars at first; if that would not do, to give you fifty-five, and that he would be willing to give sixty rather than not have the horse." Of course Mr. Ralston said then that he could not think of taking less than sixty dollars for the horse. "I am sorry for that," said Ulysses, "for on looking at the horse I have decided not to give over fifty for it, although father did say I might give sixty; you may take fifty dollars if you like, or you may keep the horse." Mr. Ralston took the fifty dollars and Ulysses rode the horse home.

Mr. Grant had a great deal of confidence in his son's ability to do business and to take care of himself. When he was only twelve years old his father wished to obtain some legal papers from Louisville, Kentucky, to be used in a lawsuit in which he was engaged. He had written to lawyers there but could not get the business done, nor could he leave home at that time to attend to it himself. "I can do it for you, father," said Ulysses. So his father

sent him on the errand alone. It was a long journey for a child, but he returned with the necessary papers, without accident.

It is said that "the child is father of the man," and the same courage and self-reliance which enabled the twelve year old boy to take such a journey and accomplish such a matter successfully, in later years enabled him to command great armies and to stand at the head of a great nation.

Meanwhile Ulysses was very anxious to obtain a good education. He wished to go to college, but his father, who was not a rich man, was not able to gratify his wish since he had several younger children to care for and educate. But the boy was not easily discouraged. He thought very earnestly about the matter, and at last decided to try for an appointment to West Point Military Academy. If he succeeded, he would be cared for, educated, and receive, besides, a small sum of money which would more than pay all his other expenses as a student. In the year 1839, his father secured for him, through the influence of the Member of Congress from their district, an appointment as a cadet at West Point.

GRANT AT WEST POINT.

To be a West Point cadet was considered a great honor sixty years ago. It meant a good education and an honorable position under the Government afterwards. It was

also supposed that only the most brilliant and talented young men of the United States were sent there; and there is a story told in Georgetown, where the Grant family were living at the time, that the news of Ulysses Grant's appointment was a great surprise to their neighbors. One man, meeting Jesse Grant on the street, said: "I hear Ulysses is appointed to West Point. Is that so?" "Yes, sir." "Well, that's a nice job. Why didn't they appoint a boy that would be a credit to the district?" It would be interesting to know what that neighbor thought, when later years proved how much credit "that boy" was to the district.

Ulysses Grant was at that time, a quiet, home-loving boy who cared nothing for a military life. The stories of his grandfather's battles and marches had little interest for him. He cared more for horses than for guns, and far more for the circus that occasionally came to town, than for "training day," or "general muster" of the country militia. He was a strong, healthy boy, fond of out-door play, skating, boating, ball-playing, and especially horse-back-riding. He was not ashamed to help about the house, either, and at one place where he boarded while attending the village Academy he taught the cook how to make buckwheat cakes, and took his turn at baking them for breakfast.

Into this quiet home life came the appointment to West

Point. It was a beautiful day in May, when, with his home-made clothes packed in a new trunk, with the initials U. H. G. in big brass tacks on the cover, he bade good-bye to home and old friends and started on his journey. The initials on the new trunk had been H. U. G. at first, but when Ulysses saw them he said: "I will not have them like that; they spell hug, and all the boys will laugh at them." So the order was changed. Then the boy went from home into the world.

It was a long journey from Georgetown to West Point in those days; first by boat to Pittsburg, then by stage and canal to Philadelphia, and thence by steamboat to West Point. The first year of a cadet's life at West Point is usually a very unpleasant one; but Grant was such a quiet, obliging boy and so small of his age, that the boys were ashamed to tease and annoy him as they did some of the new-comers. When Ulysses arrived and reported to the adjutant, he paid his entrance charges — forty-eight dollars — out of money he had earned by driving a team and by doing work upon the farm. He was very proud of this fact and it was something a boy of seventeen might well be proud of; for most boys of that age find it hard to save money, even if they earn it.

Ulysses was now sent to the Quartermaster to receive his outfit, two blankets, a pillow, water pail, broom, chair, etc., and he was required to carry all these articles to

his room, strung on the handle of the broom. Past the officers' quarters he marched, past the crowd of howling cadets, while every one of them sang out "Hello plebe, how do you like it?" Then he was taught just how and where to place all these things, for there is a certain place for everything in a cadet's room, and if he leaves any thing out of place, a row of "black marks" is sure to stand opposite his name. Perfect neatness, perfect order, and punctuality are iron-clad rules at West Point. Ulysses was rather a slow boy and sometimes received "black marks" for being late; "late at church," "late at parade," "late at drill" are some of the marks against him, on the old record at West Point. But there are no black marks for bad conduct; and if the boy was sometimes "slow" at school, the man was never "slow" in winning great victories or driving back an invading army.

He was a good boy here as he had been at home. "It was impossible to quarrel with Grant," said one who roomed with him for a year, "we never had a spat, I never knew him to fight." He thoroughly enjoyed the beautiful scenery around West Point, and wrote often to his friends about the places he had seen. To one cousin he wrote: "I have put away my Algebra and French, and am going to tell you about this prettiest of all places, West Point. It is the place of all places for an institution like this. Here is the house Washington used to live in,

there Kosciusko used to walk up and down, thinking of his country and ours; over the river is the house of Arnold, that base and heartless traitor to his country and his God. I do love the place. It seems as though I could live here forever if my friends would only come, too. I mean to study hard and stay if it be possible. I have now been here four months, and have not seen a single familiar face, or spoken to a single lady. I wish some of the pretty girls of Bethel were here, just so I might look at them; — but I have seen great men, plenty of them, General Scott, Mr. Van Buren, Washington Irving, and lots of other big folks. If I were to come home now you would laugh at my appearance. My coat must always be buttoned up to my chin. It is made of sheeps-gray cloth, covered with big round buttons. If you were to see me at a distance, the first question you would ask, would be, 'Is that a fish or an animal?' Remember me to Grandmother Simpson; I think often of her. I want you to show her this letter, and all others I may write you."

These simple home messages show us the heart of the boy; and the man was very like him. Home, wife, children and friends; these were dearer to him than fame and the applause of the world. He never wished to be a soldier. His ambition was to be a professor of Mathematics in some college, with salary enough to make a little home for wife and babies of his own.

Ulysses remained two years at school and then went home on a furlough. How proud his father and mother were of their tall, straight soldier boy. His father gave him a fine colt to ride, and every day he rode over to Georgetown to see the boys and girls whom he had known before going to West Point. And how all the old neighbors talked about him. They admitted that he "might make a decent mark for muskets, after all." So in riding and walking with the girls and playing games with the boys, the furlough passed quickly, and the boy returned to school and study. He was homesick for awhile and the routine of cadet life seemed dull and slow after the gay vacation; but this feeling soon wore off and school life again interested him.

Of this life an old cadet once said: "It had its beautiful side. The shaven green of the lawn, the gleam of white tents, the crash of horn and cymbals, the clamor and squeal of drum and fife, the boom of the sunset gun, the rumble and jar of wheeling artillery, all these sounds and pictures came to be keen pleasures, to divide and brighten the dull gray hours of hard study. Every morning in autumn, while the maples turned from green to scarlet and gold, the cavalry wheeled over the parade ground. The call of the bugles, the thrilling commands, the reel of the horses, the splendid voices of the commanders, the drumming of hoofs, the swift swing into perfect

alignment, all these things helped him forget his home-sickness."

At our cavalry drill, riding his powerful chestnut horse "York," the slender young Cadet Grant galloped swiftly down the long riding-hall. At the farther end he turned at the riding master's command, and came into the straight stretch across which the leaping-bar had been placed higher than a man's head. The great horse increased his pace and measured his strides for the great leap before him, then bounded into the air and cleared the bar, carrying his rider as if man and beast were one. This great leap, it is said, has never been surpassed; but when questioned about it, General Grant would smile and say: "Yes, York was a wonderfully good horse." Others thought Ulysses Grant was a wonderfully good rider.

Thus the four years passed swiftly and now came the final examination and then the commissions which made the young cadets officers in the Regular Army of the United States. More than a hundred had entered the class with Ulysses Grant, but one by one they had dropped out until only thirty-nine remained. Ulysses Grant graduated twenty-first on the list, with a good average record as a student and a very high record as a man. Of the other members of the class, fifteen served with him through the Civil War, four gave up their lives in the war with Mexico, and six joined the Confederate

Army: but of them all, Ulysses Grant rose highest in military rank, was best known to the world and received the highest honors.

GRANT AS A SOLDIER.

Now at length school life, with its hours of work and study and its hours of boyish pranks and fun, was past; the days of summer encampments and sham battles with a company of classmates, of storming imaginary forts, and building mimic fortifications; all the old duties and pleasures were to be left behind, and life — real, earnest life — began.

Uncle Sam had educated and trained his adopted sons in the art of war, and now they were to put into practical every-day use, the lessons they had learned. On leaving West Point Ulysses Grant was made a second lieutenant in the 4th U. S. Infantry and stationed on the Missouri frontier, where the Indians were then disturbing the settlers. Here he remained two years, and in 1845 was ordered to Texas where the United States troops were gathering under General Taylor for the war with Mexico.

For two years Lieutenant Grant served in the Mexican war. He was made Regimental Quartermaster, a responsible and important position, and this office he held during the war. Now, it is customary for the Quartermaster of a regiment to remain behind with the supply trains during

a battle, but it was quite impossible for Quartermaster Grant to do that. If there was a battle he was sure to be in it; leaving his supply trains in care of some one else, he would join his regiment and share the fighting.

At the battle of Molino del Rey, fought September 8th, 1847, Grant fought so bravely and with such gallantry that he was made first lieutenant, his commission to date from the day of the battle. In the fierce battle of Chapultepec, on the 13th of September, when that frowning castle was stormed by the American soldiers, Lieutenant Grant won the admiration of his superior officers by his bravery and the wisdom of his tactics while under the enemy's fire. Several officers spoke of his "brave fighting," his "distinguished gallantry," and "noble conduct" during this, the last great battle of the Mexican war, and he was rewarded by receiving the rank of Captain.

After peace was declared, in 1848, Captain Grant was ordered to New York with his company and during this year he was married to Miss Julia Dent, the sister of one of his classmates at West Point.

A few days after peace was declared with Mexico, a great event occurred. Gold was discovered in California, and early in 1849 crowds of emigrants rushed to the new land, to make their fortune. Many reckless, lawless men were among them, and the Indians, provoked by the usual injustice of the white man, retaliated savagely. This

made it necessary to send more U. S. troops to the West, and the battalion to which Captain Grant's company was attached was sent to Fort Dallas, Oregon. Here he remained two years; then, finding that life in a garrison in that lonely, almost uninhabited region offered few opportunities of usefulness, he decided to resign his commission. This he did on July 31st, 1854, and returning to his home and family, commenced life as a private citizen on a small farm near St. Louis.

In the year 1859, he moved to Galena, Illinois, and went into partnership with his brother in the leather trade, where they soon built up a prosperous business. Here, with his little family around him, he spent the quietest and, perhaps, the happiest years of his eventful life.

GENERAL GRANT THE COMMANDER.

The autumn of 1860 and the winter of 1861 were times of trial and anxiety to the American Nation. The Southern States became dissatisfied with the General Government and declared their right to secede from the Union and establish a separate government. Many causes had led to this act, which was bitterly opposed by the North; but by February 1st, 1861, six states had withdrawn from the Union, and on February 4th delegates from these states met at Montgomery, Alabama, and formed a new Government under the name of "The

Confederate States of America." Fort Sumter, near Charleston, South Carolina, refused to surrender to the Confederate authorities, and upon the morning of April 11th, 1861, the first gun of the Civil War was fired from Confederate batteries at this fort. For thirty-six hours the terrible bombardment continued, and only when the fort was in ruins and on fire, did Major Anderson and his brave little band surrender.

Ulysses Grant was quietly living in Galena, engaged in business, when the news of that terrible 12th of April flashed over the wires, and the sound of that first battle at Fort Sumter echoed to the farthest boundary of the Union, rousing every earnest, loyal soul to action. Grant felt the dishonor to his country, the insult to his flag, in the utmost depths of his heart, and his brave spirit responded quickly to the Nation's cry for assistance. To a friend he said: "The Government educated me for the Army. What I am, I owe to my country, I have served her through one war, and live or die, I will serve her through this." He at once offered his services to the Governor of Illinois: but the quiet, unassuming man, dressed in common citizen's clothes, received little notice among the eager throng seeking for position and fame. Never pushing himself into notice, never boasting of what he had done or could do, he waited patiently, ready to serve in the humblest position where duty placed him.

At last his ability and worth were recognized, and he was made Adjutant-General of the State. Soon after this, he was chosen Colonel of an Illinois regiment, at once accepted the position, and quickly made his regiment one of the best in the Volunteer service. On the 31st of July, 1861, he was placed in command of a body of troops in Missouri, and one month later was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General and placed in command of an important post at Cairo, Illinois.

In politics General Grant had always been a Democrat. When the war broke out, he wrote a letter to his father-in-law, also a Democrat, in which he says: "Now is the time for men to prove their love of country. All party distinctions should be lost sight of, and every true patriot be for maintaining the integrity of the glorious old Stars and Stripes, the Constitution, and the Union. I have just received a letter from Fred (Frederick Dent, his brother-in-law), he is for the old flag as long as there is a Union of two States fighting under its banner, and when they dissolve, he will go it alone." These words show General Grant's devotion to his country, and his determination to serve her to the best of his ability in this, her hour of peril.

Kentucky had not seceded, but there were many of her inhabitants whose sympathies were with the South, and the Confederate Army had several important positions in the southern part of the state. From his post at Cairo

General Grant was sent to drive the Confederate troops from Kentucky. This he proceeded to do at once, capturing Fort Henry on the Tennessee River, and soon, after, Fort Donaldson on the Cumberland. The capture of Fort Donaldson was the first decided victory of the Union Army. General Buckner, the Confederate Commander, sent General Grant a message, asking that a commission be appointed to arrange the terms of capitulation. To this proposal General Grant replied:

"General S. B. Buckner,

Yours of this date proposing an armistice, and appointment of commissioners to settle terms of capitulation just received. No terms other than an immediate and unconditional surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works.

U. S. Grant, *Brig.-Gen., U. S. A.*"

It is needless to say that General Grant's terms were accepted, and the surrrender was "immediate and unconditional." This victory won for General Grant the name, "Unconditional Surrender Grant," a title which he proved his right to hold many times before the war ended.

After the capture of Fort Donaldson, General Grant was again promoted. He was now Major-General of Volunteers, and did not remain idle because he had now new laurels. Slowly but surely he drove the Confederate Army southward. Battle after battle he fought, some-

times winning, sometimes driven back, but always regaining lost ground and slowly advancing. Pittsburg Landing, Shiloh, Iuka and Corinth! Victories bravely won; ground hallowed by the graves of thousands of brave men who gave their lives willingly for the old Flag and the Union. And others just as brave were fighting earnestly at the call of their native States.

"Under the sod and dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day,
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

After these victories General Grant moved toward Vicksburg. All the skill of the Confederacy had been employed to make this their Gibraltar. Three times the Federals had endeavored to capture this stronghold, and three times they had failed. After capturing New Orleans, brave old Commodore Farragut had steamed up the river with his gunboats, intending to storm this citadel, but was obliged to sail back again without accomplishing anything; yet as long as the Confederacy controlled the lower Mississippi there was little hope of conquering them. Their Generals and Statesmen saw the importance of holding Vicksburg as plainly as the Federals saw the necessity of capturing it, and strengthened their fortification accordingly; but early in 1863, General Grant determined that since it could not be captured by river or by land alone, he would

combine the two modes of attack and try what could be done.

History will tell you of that wonderful advance to Vicksburg. In stormy weather, over terrible roads, through low wet land, marching night and day, fording rivers and building bridges, closer and closer the great Army drew its lines around the doomed city. Fighting every day, camping in wet, fever-haunted swamps, often unable to obtain food, the troops never uttered a word of complaint. Sherman, Logan, McPherson and Blair, brave generals, commanding divisions of that brave army, on and on they came, until, at the end of eighteen days, during which they had marched two hundred miles, fought five battles, taken six thousand five hundred prisoners, killed and wounded as many more, captured twenty-seven cannon and sixty-one pieces of artillery, the great city with its garrison was surrounded, all supplies shut out, and the siege begun.

For forty-six days there was one continual roar of cannon from Porter's gunboats upon the river and Grant's batteries upon the land. Mines were dug under the forts, under one of the most important points over two thousand pounds of powder were placed, and on June 25th this mine was exploded. The result was terrible! Dust, dirt, smoke, cannon, stockades, timbers, logs, even human bodies rose hundreds of feet into the air, as if thrown from a volcano; and then every gun on land and river threw

shells and cannon balls into the shattered city. The inhabitants lived in cellars and caves dug in the banks of the stream to escape the terrible storm of shot and shell that destroyed their dwellings.

Day after day the Union soldiers pressed closer, although rank after rank was swept away by the Confederate guns; and on the morning of July 3rd, the forty-sixth day of the siege, General Pemberton, the Confederate Commander, asked that a commission be appointed to arrange terms of capitulation, as he wished to stop any further effusion of blood. General Grant replied: "The 'effusion of blood' you propose stopping can be ended at any time by an unconditional surrender of the city and garrison. I do not favor appointing a commission to arrange terms, because I have no other terms than these."

General Pemberton immediately accepted the inevitable, and on the morning of July 4th, 1863, Vicksburg with over thirty thousand soldiers and all its munitions of war, surrendered to the Federal army, and once more "Unconditional Surrender" Grant had won a brilliant victory.

Hitherto General Grant had ranked as Major-General of the Volunteer Army; he was now made Major-General of the Regular Army of the United States and placed in command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, comprising three departments, the Ohio, the Cumberland and the

Tennessee, and containing over two hundred thousand soldiers.

Down in eastern Tennessee, one of the Confederate strongholds, General Thomas with the half-starved army of the Cumberland was tenaciously holding Chattanooga, though surrounded by the Southern armies. On October 19th General Grant telegraphed to him: "Hold Chattanooga at all hazards; I will be there as soon as possible." Back over the wires flashed this brave answer from noble old General Thomas; "I will hold the town till we starve." And all this time his army was on half rations, three thousand men sick in the hospitals, ten thousand mules and horses dead of starvation, and not ammunition enough in the whole camp to fight another battle.

On the night of October 23rd, cold, tired and hungry, unable to walk without a crutch, for his hip had been badly injured in a run-away, General Grant rode up to General Thomas's tent. The next morning the two rode out and looked over the ground; General Grant laid his plans and telegraphed his orders here, there, everywhere, and in six days, food, clothing, blankets and shoes were supplied to the hungry soldiers. He found them ragged, hungry, despondent, but he soon had them well-fed and clothed while his presence made them courageous and hopeful; now he was prepared to drive the Confederates from Tennessee and rescue General Burnside, who was

shut up in Knoxville with another half-starved division of the Federal army.

General Badeau, in his Military History of General Grant, says: "The continent shook with the tramp of approaching armies. Through the great mountain ranges, and by the side of the rushing streams; along the desolated corn-fields and amid the startled recesses of the primeval forests, the bustle and the stir of war were rife. Two hundred thousand soldiers were concentrating from the East and from the West for this one battlefield, and over all these preparations, all these armies, the spirit of one man was dominant." At last all was in readiness, and the fighting began. Oh, those days of battle at Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge! Who that lived through the long, dark years of Civil War can forget the wild exultant thrill caused by the news of that "battle above the clouds." Who, today, can read of it in history without sharing that feeling?

One night, the peaceful camp fires flashing from ridge to ridge; the next, the booming of cannon answering to cannon, from Orchard Knob to Missionary Ridge, from Missionary Ridge to Lookout Mountain, and everywhere the dull red light of battle, the tramp of countless feet! Then, when the light of the second morning shone, far above the blood-stained battle grounds, above the smoke and vapor of conflict, from the summit of Lookout Mountain the Stars

and Stripes floated in the early sunshine, and General Grant had won another victory. Dividing his army, he sent one part of it to follow the retreating Confederates and drive them into Georgia, while other detachments were sent to release General Burnside who was shut up in the entrenchments at Knoxville by General Longstreet. But Longstreet did not wait for the arrival of the Union soldiers. Hearing of the victory at Chattanooga, and seeing no way of escape, should the Union forces once surround him, he withdrew with his whole army eastward into Virginia, and the war in Tennessee was ended.

On the 26th of February, 1864, Congress passed a bill reviving the grade of Lieutenant-General, and on March 2nd President Lincoln appointed General Grant to this position. But two men had ever held this title. In 1798 President Adams appointed George Washington "Lieutenant of the Armies of the United States," and in 1855 General Winfield Scot had the same honor conferred upon him.

General Grant wrote to General Sherman telling him of this appointment and in his letter he said: "While I am being eminently successful in this war, in at least gaining the confidence of the public, no one feels more than I how much of this success is due to the energy and skill of those whom it has been my good fortune to have occupying subordinate positions under me. There are many officers

to whom these remarks are applicable, but I want to express my thanks to you and McPherson, as the men to whom above all others, I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success."

In his reply to this letter, General Sherman said: "You are now Washington's legitimate successor, and occupy a position of almost dangerous elevation; but if you can continue as heretofore to be yourself, — simple, honest and unpretending, you will enjoy through life the respect and love of friends, and the homage of millions of human beings, who will award you a large share in securing to them and their descendants a government of law and stability." These letters show the simple, honest character of the man who now stood at the head of the American army. He felt no pride, except that which every true man feels in work well done and duty faithfully performed. He made no claim to greater merit than those who were associated with him, and cared nothing for popularity and applause.

In January, after the victory at Chattanooga, he was called to St. Louis by the serious illness of his eldest son. No one knew of his arrival until, after several hours, some one saw on the hotel register the name, "U. S. Grant, Chattanooga." The news spread rapidly; he was invited to a banquet, bands serenaded him, the hotel was surrounded by people anxious to catch sight of the hero of

the Western Army. When he appeared upon the balcony he was received with cheer after cheer. Removing his hat he said: "Gentlemen, I thank you for this honor. I cannot make a speech. It is something I never have done, and never intend to do, and I beg you to excuse me." He was indeed a man of deeds, not of words.

GRANT AS LIEUTENANT-GENERAL.

Now great events crowded swiftly one upon another. General Sherman, with his division, turned southward, burned Atlanta, and started on his famous "March to the Sea," destroying everything along his path. Brave Admiral Farragut held the city of Mobile, and wherever the Stars and Stripes led, victory followed. General Grant, leaving Sherman, McPherson and Thomas to conduct the war in the South and West, took command of the Army of the Potomac and prepared to carry war into Virginia. On the 3rd of May, 1864, the great army started, and the battle of Spottsylvania, with its awful record of death, soon followed. Then came the seven days' battle of the Wilderness, every foot of ground gained by fierce fighting, gained and held — there was no retreating — for the brave commander had said: "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

Never discouraged, he followed up each fierce, desperate battle by another even fiercer and more desperate, until on

the night of May 20th, by a movement unequaled in the history of warfare, the great army turned to the left and took up its final march, "On to Richmond." Of the battles that followed, Cold Harbor, Bethesda Church, the Rapidan, Weldon Railroad, and many others, history will tell you. The summer was one continual battle and thousands upon thousands of brave men laid down their lives upon those awful battle-fields; but slowly and surely the great army drew its strong lines about Petersburg, the strongest defense of the Confederate capital, Richmond. Every day the siege continued, until the army went into winter quarters and Grant made preparations for the spring campaign, which, it was hoped, would speedily terminate the war.

On December 25th, 1864, General Sherman sent his famous telegram to President Lincoln, presenting to him as a Christmas gift the city of Savannah, with its guns, ammunition and twenty-five thousand bales of cotton.

When he had destroyed everything that could aid the South, Sherman turned northward toward Virginia sweeping everything before him. At Petersburg the fighting still went on. Again and again General Grant threw his powerful army against the Southern entrenchments, every day advancing a little farther until, on the 4th of April, 1865, Petersburg and Richmond were evacuated and the Union Army took possession. The strife lasted but a

few days longer. On April 9th, 1865, the two great commanders met in the parlor of William McLean's house, at Appomatox Court House, and General Lee surrendered the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia to General Grant. On the 26th of April General Johnston's army in North Carolina surrendered to General Sherman, and on May 26th the Southern Army west of the Mississippi, under General Kirby Smith, surrendered to Major-General Canby. Thus the great Civil War was ended.

On the 2nd of June, General Grant took leave of the great armies which had been guided by his genius to such splendid victories. In as few words as possible he bade them farewell, and spoke in glowing words of their patriotism, bravery and endurance, adding tender words of remembrance for the many brave ones left sleeping in the Sunny South.

General Grant was now the idol of his country. Gifts and honors without number were showered upon him; but all this adulation did not change him from the quiet, unpretentious man who had entered the Union Army as a Colonel of Volunteers. He now hoped for a few years' rest but his country still needed his services. In July of 1866, Congress created the grade of "General of the Army of the United States," and General Grant was appointed to that position.

The duties of Commander-in-Chief, in reorganizing the

army and reducing it to the number required for the Regular Service, kept him busily employed during the next two years.

GRANT AS PRESIDENT.

On May 21st, 1868, the Republican Convention met at Chicago and nominated General Ulysses S. Grant for President of the United States, and in the following November he was elected to that office by a large majority. In 1872, he was re-elected by a still larger majority, and thus for eight years he served his country as President, standing at the head of a great nation, and striving to do what was best for his country and its people. The eight years of his administration was a period of great anxiety and disturbance for the Government, and many important events occured.

The Central Pacific Railroad was completed, the Southern States were re-admitted to the Union; the Fifteenth Amendment, giving the right to vote to the colored people of the South, was adopted; the great Chicago fire left one hundred thousand people homeless, and consumed two hundred million dollars worth of property; the war with the Sioux Indians broke out in which General Custer and his brave band of soldiers were killed; these are a few of the notable events of General Grant's administration. Through all the trials and anxieties of his position, with its

WHITE HOUSE

honors and its burdens, its praises, and its criticisms he remained the same quiet, unpretending man, faithfully discharging the duties of his office, just as he had done when a cadet at West Point and while serving through the War. On March 4th, 1877, General Grant vacated the White House and Rutherford B. Hayes succeeded him as President. He had won the love and admiration of his countrymen by his loyalty, patriotism and ability as a Commander; he retained it by exhibiting the same noble qualities while President.

GENERAL GRANT'S TRAVELS.

General Grant's great lieutenants in the war, Sherman, Sheridan and Farragut, had all visited Europe and enjoyed a well earned vacation after the hardships of war. But to General Grant such rest was denied. His country required his services, and he cheerfully gave up the vacation and rest that he had looked forward to, put aside all his private plans, resigned his position as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and for eight years stood at the head of the nation, filling the office of President to the best of his ability. Now his official duties were completed: he was once more Ulysses S. Grant, a private citizen of the United States, and could take the rest he had longed for. On the 17th of May, 1877, accompanied by his wife and his son Jesse, and with the hearty good wishes of his countrymen,

he sailed from Philadelphia for Europe and over two years passed before he returned to his native land.

This journey was a memorable one. Through all the countries of Europe and the principal countries of Asia, General Grant and his party travelled. Kings and queens, emperors and princes united with the common people of all nations to do honor to this plain, unpretending citizen of the United States, this simple dealer in leather, but a man whose honesty, loyalty, energy and faithfulness, had made him equal, or far superior to those whose only claim to greatness was the rank and title descended to them from some remote ancestor. Their position was inherited; his came to him as the reward of duty well done.

General Grant received many rare, curious and beautiful gifts from the rulers and people of the countries which he visited; and many strange entertainments and wonderful banquets were prepared in his honor. It is said that at the dinner given by the Emperor of Japan in honor of General and Mrs. Grant, the bill of fare was composed of over fifty courses, the first seven of which were soups, one of them made of skylarks, buckwheat and eggplant. General Grant remained in Japan over two months, then on the 3rd of September, 1879, he took passage on the steamer Tokio, bound from Yokohama to San Francisco. On September 20th the ship sailed through the Golden Gate into the har-

bor of San Francisco and General Grant again stood upon his native soil.

His country gave him a royal welcome. In every city through which he passed on his way to Galena — his old home — banners waved, bands played, bells rang and the people welcomed home with hearty cheers, the hero of the Nation. Such proof of the love and gratitude of his countrymen must have been very precious to the hearts of the General and his family. When they reached Galena many old friends met them and escorted them to their home, and the long journey was ended. No man had ever travelled so far and been received with such honor; for wherever he went his fame had preceded him, and that is something no man had ever experienced before, and perhaps no one will ever do so again. Few men will ever be as widely known and as thoroughly respected as General Ulysses S. Grant, the quiet, modest man, who had said half in jest and half in earnest, that he had no greater ambition when the war closed than to return to Galena, and be the alderman from his ward.

He had now returned to his own fireside, content to spend the rest of his days in the enjoyment of home and friends. But this could not be. Fame is not all happiness, and the man who is famous has many enemies and many false friends who seek his friendship for personal gain. General Grant found many such. Political and financial schemers

sought to have his name connected with their plans. The Republican party, fearing defeat, urged him to accept the Presidential nomination and, against his better judgment, he at last consented to do so; but at the Convention General Garfield received the nomination, and with quiet dignity, General Grant accepted the decision and generously did all in his power to help Garfield's election.

Many of his old friends had left Galena and, in 1883, General Grant and his family removed to New York, where his sons entered the banking business. General Grant became a special partner of the firm, and for a time all went well. But in May, 1884, through the dishonesty of the manager, the bank closed, and General Grant was financially ruined. No suspicion of dishonesty was attached to General Grant or his sons; they were ruined by the dishonorable man they had trusted and they immediately gave up all their property to meet the indebtedness of the firm.

GENERAL GRANT'S ILLNESS AND DEATH.

Throughout all General Grant's military life, through all the cares and anxieties incident to the office of President, through his two years of travel in foreign lands and different climates, he had scarcely known a day's illness; but upon Christmas Eve, 1883, while returning from the

house of a friend, he slipped upon the icy pavement and fell heavily. His hip was seriously injured and from this injury he never fully recovered. For a time he seemed to grow stronger, but after the failure of the bank in 1884, his health began to fail and he never was a well man again.

During the summer of 1884, the publishers of the *Century* requested General Grant to write several articles for their magazine, describing the battles he had won. For these articles he was well paid and the brave old soldier took heart once more. Here was a way to earn his own living. He need not feel dependent upon the kindness of friends, nor the gratitude of the nation. In October of 1884, it became known that General Grant was suffering from a throat trouble, and soon the whole country knew that the physicians had little hope of his recovery. But the soldierly spirit was strong within him, and still he fought bravely for life. He had commenced writing his memoirs and, although confined to his home during the winter of 1885, he wrote several hours daily upon this story of his life, which he hoped would bring him money enough to place his family above want after he was gone.

Every day his grandchildren visited him, three pretty, merry, loving little ones, who came like sunshine into the sick man's room and brightened his saddest hours. His

only daughter, Mrs. Sartoris, came from her home in England and remained with him while he lived. Old friends gathered about him. The brave old commander who, on the battlefield and in the President's chair, had led his country through conflict and peril to victory, honor and safety, was once more first in the hearts of all his countrymen. A bill placing him upon the retired list of the army, after several defeats, was at last passed on the 4th of March, 1885. But all these kind deeds, these honors, these acts of restitution, came too late.

General Grant had now but one intense desire. He wished to live long enough to finish his "Personal Memoirs," not for his own fame, but to provide a competence for his family. One who knows him well said: "Since he had known that his personal honor was as clean, his military fame as brilliant in the eyes of men as they had ever been, he determined that his reputation for sense and shrewdness should also be regained. He would not die without regaining a fortune equal to that which had been taken from him by fraud. No man should say that, after all, General Grant had left his children penniless."

So the brave fight, the race with the Conqueror, Death, went on. At last the book was finished, his work was done, and upon the 23rd of July, 1885, the brave old General met Death, who now dictated to him those Terms of

Capitulation, that he had so often dictated to others: "Unconditional Surrender."

With the whole world watching beside him, with the hearts of his countrymen throbbing with grief for his suffering and their loss, with his loved wife and precious children around him, he surrendered his life as calmly and quietly as he had done all great deeds, and received his last promotion, passing into the rank and company of the great Heroes and Statesmen gone before him.

Upon Saturday, August 8th, bells were tolled and memorial services held all over the United States during the hour of his funeral. More than fifty thousand people marched in that funeral procession, one of the greatest processions the world ever saw. The coffin was carried to the temporary vault in Riverside Park, New York, overlooking the beautiful Hudson river, and here, surrounded by thousands of old comrades and by those he had loved best and dearest, the final farewell words were spoken. His little grand-daughter Julia laid a wreath of flowers upon the casket, the bugle sounded "Taps,"* and the doors of the vault were closed and locked upon all that remained to earth of one of America's greatest Heroes.

Immediately after the funeral of General Grant a monument committee was organized and in 1897, as a result of their labors, a magnificent mausoleum was completed not

* "Lights out."

far from the temporary vault. This was dedicated on April 27th, 1897, the anniversary of his birth; and to the vault in the centre of the building his casket was removed. Here in time will also rest the body of Mrs. Grant, for it was his wish that, wherever his body was placed, she might rest beside him. Rising two hundred and eighty feet above the Hudson river, it is a noble monument to a noble man. The builders of the monument have inscribed in the most conspicuous place upon its front this most characteristic of his sayings: "Let us have Peace."